
THE
BANISHED MAN.
A NOVEL.

AND

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BY CHARLOTTE SMITH

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BANISHED MAN

A NOVEL

UNIVERSITY

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

(SUCCESSORS TO THE REV. J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD)

THE
BANISHED MAN.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

In sì caro, e dolce ogetto
La mia gioia, il mio diletto
La mia pace io troverò.

METASTASIO.

London:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES,
(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL) IN THE STRAND.

1794.

THE

BANISHED MAN

A NOVEL

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME IV

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MILTON

London:

Printed by J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 173, in the Strand.

1794

THE BANISHED MAN.

CHAP. I.

We owe it to the bounty of Providence, that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with the confusion of the mind, which counteracts the most favourite principles, and makes the same man, treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving.

THE first measure Du Bosse directed, among those to which D'Alonville agreed to submit, was, that he should change his appearance as much as possible. He obeyed, as far as it could be done without taking much trouble, though he had no apprehensions of being known; for it was now two years since

he was last at Paris; he had then lived at an academy—and his figure and face were since that period greatly altered. He now, therefore, assumed the name of Vermagnac—called himself a Languedorian—and appeared as a gentleman, whose father, a counsellor, had sent him to study the law—He said he was a minor, which his appearance confirmed—and his forbearing to take any active part in the politics of the day, was accounted for by his extreme youth.

The only person he feared to meet was Heurthofen. He knew not how Du Bosse had accounted for his disappearance to his worthy co-adjutor, but he easily perceived that his brother was desirous that no enquiry might be made about him by citizen Rouillé.

To other of his friends, however, Du Bosse contrived to have him introduced without appearing particularly interested about him. They met now and then at third places as common acquaintance; and Du Bosse visited him secretly, for a few moments

moments at a time, in hopes of finding that the emancipating sentiments which he heard, and the truly patriotic conversations to which he was thus introduced, would gradually effectuate a change in his opinions: but D'Alonville not only appeared more steadily confirmed in his original principles, but became impatient of the people with whom he was thus compelled to associate; and protesting to his brother, that the more he saw of his democratic partisans, the more he detested them, he entreated him to allow him to depart, poor as he had found him; for the character he was acting became so uneasy to him that he could endure it no longer.

Du Bosse, however, appeared to have some latent purpose which D'Alonville could not discover:—he was often dejected, and uneasy; and under the rhodomontading airs of a furious defender of liberty, his brother fancied that there lurked secret disappointment, and secret dread.

Among other persons to whom Du

Bosse procured him an introduction, was a lady to whose parties Madame du Bosse had been admitted as a very high favour, in consideration of her having resigned, with peculiar greatness of soul, the title of Viscountess—of being an Enragée of the very first proof—and of being also, a very pretty woman—recommendations, which more than supplied, in the opinion of Madame du Guenir, the want of an elevated, or cultivated understanding.—Wit, indeed, was not a quality this lady seemed to desire in her female friends, nor had she any predilection for beauty; but as she had purposes to answer, which made large assemblies of men necessary, she knew no means of attracting them so certain, as to collect about her a few pretty women. She herself had ceased to have any pretensions of that sort. She had passed one epocha in the life of a French woman; but instead of re-peopling her empire with “the slaves of infidelity,” the times had occasioned *her* slaves to be the new votaries of the goddess of liberty.

Her

Her family consisted of an husband, whom she saw as a common acquaintance—and three or four young women, one of whom she called a pupil, a second a niece, a third an orphan, whom she had taken out of generosity. These, under pretence of being eminently qualified to form the minds of youth, she had brought up

“To sing, to dance,

“To dress, to troll the tongue, and roll the eye*;

and it was on their attractions, rather than on the eloquence of the old government, that Du Bosse depended for the conversion of his brother. He knew not that the heart of D'Alonville was already tenderly attached to a young woman, who, with as much beauty as the loveliest of these, possessed a mind unfulled with false and pernicious principles; and whose softness of heart would have deterred her from adopting the fierce and unrelenting tone of republicanism, if the simplicity of her manners had allowed her to interest herself about matters so unfit for her age.

* Milton.

To hear from a beautiful mouth a defence of the horrors that had stained, with eternal disgrace, the annals of France as a nation: to hear the dead spoken of with unfeeling ridicule, as having merited their fate: to hear a lovely girl encouraging sanguinary projects, and a daring defiance of every law of humanity, was to D'Alonville so extremely disgusting, that youth and beauty would have lost all their attractions, even if his affections had not been all engrossed by Angelina. As to the elder of these ladies, D'Alonville could not listen to *her* without danger of betraying the aversion he felt; nor contemplate, without a sensation bordering on horror, the inconsistencies of her character. Bigotry, real or assumed, was, in her, associated with the closest connections among men who disclaimed the very appearance of religion. Her past life had been very far from irreproachable, yet she now affected the proudest intolerance in regard to the weaknesses of others; while her present rigid theory recalled

recalled perpetually, and very little to her advantage, the laxity of her former practice.

While the introduction to these people operated on the opinions of D'Alonville so very differently from what his brother had intended, he was himself engaged in studying, as far as he could do it with safety, the real sentiments of *the people*. In this enquiry he was sometimes repulsed by caution, and sometimes baffled by fear: but he was convinced, that there were a very great number of persons, even in Paris, who were only restrained by terror from openly declaring themselves; and that the *revolutionary energies* were by no means at the height which the leaders of faction described them to be. He saw the once-flourishing tradesman of Paris sitting in his almost deserted shop, looking pensively on bales of goods which had lain unfolded, and unasked for, for more than two years: he saw the class of manufacturers without employment; and, while they joined the hired multitude, execrating the cause that their

necessities had compelled them to engage in.— Loosed at once from the checks that were before, perhaps, too heavily imposed, unrestrained vice and brutal ferocity were become the character of the still lower ranks, who were driven by the one to the other, and thus they became tremendous instruments of destruction in the hands of the unprincipled leaders, who asserted, that they founded their power on the voice of the people. But the effrontery of this assertion was every day more visible to D'Alonville. How could *that* government be established on the voice of the people, which the people were every where rising to oppose? How could men call themselves the representatives of their country, who could retain their power only by dying the scaffolds with blood*?—If the refuse of every province, collected from galleys and gaols,

* If this was self-evident in 1793, it is much more so now, when every day brings accounts of horrors, from which the mind attempts, in vain, to take refuge in incredulity.—

“One sanguinary tide scarce rolled away,

“Another comes in terrible succession.”

ESCHYLUS.

were

were to be called so, then, and then alone, could it be said that the convention was supported by a majority of the people of France.

His heart sickening at all he saw and heard, D'Alonville determined to remain where he was no longer; but whatever might be the hazard, to attempt returning to Flanders—he had however passed his word to his brother, not to go without informing him; and though he thought himself very little obliged to Du Bosse, for a respite from persecution, which he had long seen he owed to some views of his own; yet his word being given, he held it sacred. During the few conversations he had with Du Bosse alone, he insisted, in the most earnest terms, on his dismissal.—But instead of obtaining any positive promise, he found still greater symptoms of mystery, and, he thought, of uneasiness, in the answers he received. At length, after he had been above six weeks at Paris, Du Bosse entered his room one morning at an hour when he did not expect him. His counte-

D'Alonville

nance expressed very plainly the agitation of his mind; yet he seemed ashamed or afraid to speak—but the emotions he felt were too violent to be long concealed; and after a long speech, which was something between an introduction to the rest of his discourse, and a vindication of his conduct, he owned, that a party formed against the *true* interests of his country were but too likely to prevail, and to drive him, and several other true patriots, from their posts. He added, that having for some time foreseen the storm, he and his friends had been endeavouring to strengthen their interest, and to prepare for the shock; but doubting their being able to make an effectual stand against the infamous projects of these enemies of France, he had determined to secure his portable effects, by sending them to England. It was in fact owing to his having foreseen this necessity, that he had brought D'Alonville to Paris, as being the only person in whom he could on such an occasion confide.—This indeed he did not *say*; but

D'Alonville

D'Alonville perfectly understood it, and the motives of Du Bosse's conduct were now completely explained.

After a moment's consideration, he asked his brother how it would be possible for him to execute such a plan?—"Leave that to me," cried Du Bosse eagerly, as if he had been afraid of a refusal, "and be assured that if you have resolution to execute the scheme it cannot fail." "*If I have resolution,*" replied D'Alonville contemptuously,—"Do *you* doubt my resolution? But do not deceive yourself—I will not appear in any character that shall brand me, in case of detection, with the name of republican.—I will not die, as if I lived a regicide.—My friends in England shall never have reason to believe, that in returning to France, I became an apostate.—"Make yourself easy as to all that," said Du Bosse, visibly chagrined, "nothing will be asked of you but to go as immediately as possible to the northern army, charged with letters and credentials, with which I shall furnish you; and when you are there, making the best of your for-

mer intelligence with the English, to escape to them, and secure the effects with which you will be entrusted, in the English funds, as soon as you can turn them into money.

Variety of contending sentiments occupied the mind of D'Alonville—who felt himself at once flattered and disgraced—That Du Bosse should desire thus to entrust him, proved the reliance he had on those principles, on that sense of honour which they had equally learned to venerate in their early youth; honor to which the elder brother thus paid involuntary homage, even while in his own conduct he had practically disclaimed it.—But if this was a reflection gratifying to the generous sentiments of D'Alonville, those very sentiments made him feel a degree of repugnance in being thus employed. And he would have preferred being asked to throw himself openly and at once into the most imminent danger, than to have appeared, however securely, for one moment in the character of a deserter.

This objection struck him so forcibly, that

that notwithstanding his brother's earnest entreaties not to lose a moment, he absolutely refused to undertake the commission, till he had given the proposal some hours consideration.

He then retired to his own lodgings, and ran over in his mind the substance of the conversation that had passed. He had understood from his brother, that the property he was to be entrusted with was principally in jewels—which had belonged to his mother, a rich heiress.—About these he had no scruple; because to save them from the plunderers who had not respected even the private property of the unfortunate royal family, and to secure them to his brother's use in case of necessity, seemed an act that the most rigid honor would justify. But part of them perhaps belonged to Madame Du Bosse?—She was apparently a decided republican, and however mistaken might be her principles, D'Alonville thought *he* had no right to take from her even the ornaments she affected to hold in contempt.—This then was his first objection,

objection, which he immediately communicated to his brother; who answered by protesting to him that no part of what he intended to send away, were originally the property of his wife—but that whatever had the appearance of modern purchases were still what had belonged to the late Viscountess de Fayolles, who, having an uncle governor of Pondicherry, whose heiress she was, had inherited more of this portable species of riches than of any other, some of which citizen Du Bosse had caused to be modernized for his wife, before these distinctions were become, by *the new order of things*, marks of incivism, and inimical to *equality*—Du Bosse convinced his brother of the truth of this, by shewing him jewels under another form, which he well remembered to have belonged to his family.—Being then satisfied, on this and some other doubts he had entertained, D'Alonville determined to accept the commission; though thoroughly aware of the danger that attended it.

D'Alonville had no adieu to make—

no objection

the

the restless vigilance of his brother was so successfully exerted, that on the next evening after this conference he saw himself travelling towards Flanders by the way of St. Quintin and Cambray, in the character of a messenger, entrusted with dispatches of importance, and, as such, he arrived, without any remarkable accident, at Valenciennes. The first object of D'Alonville was, to quit as soon as he could a place where he found himself wretched, and where indeed no reason could be given for his stay after the governor, to whom the letters he had brought were addressed, had answered them.—As over the palisades that formed the extreme boundary of the fortification, he looked at the tents of the English advanced guard, he reflected that there he might hear of Ellesmere, his generous, disinterested friend—perhaps even find him there—and have the delight of talking of Angelina; possibly of hearing of her—while his thoughts, as they took this turn, went still farther, and he ran over all the possibilities that might have

have occurred in England since he left it. Absence; the many chances there were against his return: the universal and indiscriminate abhorrence which some late events in France had conspired to raise in the breasts of the English against the whole body of the natives of that country; the uncertainty of his circumstances, if he ever revisited Great Britain, all contributed to the dread he felt, that Angelina would be left to him for ever.—Though she had rejected Melton, would she be able to resist the importunities of her relations should he renew his addresses? Could her timid spirit, her soft temper, contend against the threats of her family, when only her mother supported her in her refusal? Such were the fears with which D'Alonville was tormented, while he was more immediately occupied by the difficulties he thought he should find, in quitting a place where he dreaded nothing so much among the various modes of death (with which he would here have been familiarized had he not before seen them), nothing he so much
dreaded,

dreaded, as being taken prisoner by the English and Austrians, and considered by the former as a republican and regicide.

A man who, with moderate abilities, applies his whole force to carry any favourite point, seldom fails of success.—D'Alonville, whose conduct, though he affected no revolutionary ardour, gave no rise to suspicions that he was not a friend to that cause—was allowed to go out of the town as a volunteer on a sortie, four days after his arrival.—The party was driven back with considerable loss, and D'Alonville became a prisoner to an English serjeant of infantry, to whom he gave up his arms, and desired to be conducted immediately to the commanding officer of the piquet. By a singular instance of good fortune, this gentleman, though not in the same regiment with Ellesmere, was his intimate acquaintance—D'Alonville therefore had no sooner named him as his friend, as a man who knew him perfectly, and to whom he could account for his being taken as a prisoner from Valenciennes, than Captain W. offered

offered to send for Ellefmere, to which D'Alonville instantly assented, and in about half an hour he arrived.—It would be difficult to do justice to the scene that now passed between the two friends.—D'Alonville gave Ellefmere and Captain W. a slight sketch of his adventures since he parted with the former in London.—The affection that Ellefmere had always professed for him, was unchanged; it even appeared to be encreased by all that he had since suffered. It was not however in his power to take him to his own tent, for he could still be returned only as a prisoner; but on a proper representation of his real situation to the colonel of the regiment by whom he was made prisoner, he was sent to join the corps of loyal emigrants, where he was immediately acknowledged by many of his former friends..

With them he continued as a volunteer, and thus found himself once more at liberty; possessed on behalf of his brother of considerable property, which he intended to take the first opportunity of sending by
some.

some safe conveyance to England; and rescued from the evil he the most dreaded, that of passing, amid an indiscriminate multitude, as one of the perpetrators of the miseries that desolated France. Such a situation after all he had undergone, and all he had apprehended, would have been comparative happiness, if he could have felt any sensation that resembled happiness, while his country groaned under accumulated evils; and while he believed Angelina was suffering the inconveniencies of indigence, and the mortifications that follow it; for such appeared too probably to be the case from the letters which, the first moment they were alone together, Ellefmere had shewn him from Mrs. Denzil.—As he read these letters, the tenderness he had ever felt for Angelina returned with redoubled force. The strange scenes he had passed through since he parted with her, had so entirely occupied his mind, and he had almost every hour seen death so near him, that, though the lively affection he

he felt for Angelina, had never been diminished, it had assumed more of the languor of despairing recollection, than the sanguine eagerness of hope—but he now learned that Angelina still remembered him with tenderness: that her mother's favourable sentiments were unchanged; while the conversation he now had with his friend relative to her and her family, and the probability of seeing her once again, revived, and even encreased his passion.

But if the want of employment, by relaxing the mind, encourages the softer and weaker passions, that of which D'Alonville was sensible, received from thence no addition; for during the tedious siege of Valenciennes he was not a moment unoccupied, and was forward in every part of the business of a soldier, in which any of the French were employed.

Some days before the surrender of the place, he went one evening to pass a few moments of relaxation in the tent of his friend Ellesmere, who had told him in the morning

morning that he should not be on duty; but on reaching it, he found Ellesmere gone with some other officers to examine two deserters who had just escaped from the town.—He followed to the spot where they were, and heard the men relate their reasons for deserting. One of them was a soldier belonging to one of the old regiments, who declared that at the beginning of the revolution he had gone over, with many of his comrades, to the soi-disant patriots, believing that it was for the good of his country; but that he had since the death of the king, and the cruelty and madness of the leading men in the convention, repented daily of the part he had taken, and desired nothing so much as to have an opportunity of quitting the defence of a cause that had fallen into the management of such men. He then gave a very clear and circumstantial detail of the last accounts Ferrand had received from Paris; and among other instances of the confusion and ferocity of the present government, he produced a
list

list of persons, members of the convention, who had lately been executed. The second name in this list was that of Du Bosse, of whose former life a circumstantial detail was given, and he was expressly said to have suffered, for the unpardonable crime of having received his brother, an emigrant; of having taken him out of the hands of justice: and entrusted him with valuable effects, with which he had sent him over to the enemy.

The next paragraph in the French newspaper which the deserter produced, gave a circumstantial detail of the execution; and added, that the beautiful wife of citizen Du Bosse, by whom he had no children, had been divorced from him some time before his death; had reclaimed her property, which had been granted her; and that she had since married the patriotic citizen Rouillé, who had greatly contributed, by his *Roman virtue*, to the detection of this conspiracy against the republic, one and indivisible.

No doubt of these facts mingled itself with

with the various emotions which agitated D'Alonville on reading this account of them. He felt that Du Bosse was still his brother; and though the recollection, that by his cruel indifference to the happiness of his father, by boundless ambition, and hypocritical pretensions to a disinterested love of his country, he had deserved the fate that had overtaken him, alleviated the concern of D'Alonville; his humanity and his natural affection forbade him even to appear indifferent at the recital. Ellefmere alone knew to what cause the emotion, which he could not conceal, was to be imputed; and lest it should by others be ascribed to very different reasons, he gave D'Alonville an immediate opportunity of retiring, by giving him a message to a brother officer—D'Alonville understood him, and withdrew.

When he had executed the commission Ellefmere had given him, and was at liberty to reflect on what he had heard, these mixed emotions of concern and surprise,

prise, were almost lost in a stronger sentiment, that of rage and indignation against Heuthofen, whose treachery in this last instance exceeded all the infamy of which D'Alonville had believed him capable. The earnest wish for an hour of general retribution against the monsters whose conduct disgraced human kind, was felt with redoubled force, when he added to it the hope of individual vengeance, and imagined the possibility of punishing with his own hand this apostate villain.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

——“ He has much land and fertile—it is a
chough—but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

A VERY few hours reflection served to reconcile D'Alonville to the fate of a man, who, though his brother, had so few claims to his regret. It was by the conduct of Du Bosse that the last moments of the Viscount de Fayolles had been embittered, if not accelerated; and when D'Alonville recalled to his memory the dying words of his father, it seemed as if the punishment of heaven had justly fallen on the ungrateful and unfeeling son. Another consideration would have reconciled to most men of D'Alonville's age, the loss of a much more valuable relation than he could ever have found in Du Bosse—this was the circumstance of being his heir, not

only to the whole of those extensive possessions in France, but to the property with which Du Bosse had entrusted him, with a view of securing it in England as a resource against the storm which he saw gathering, but which had burst upon him the sooner for those precautions. The estates of his family he hoped one day to regain; and the possibility of laying them at the feet of Angelina, brought, while he reflected on it, a thousand delicious visions of future happiness—This, however, was barely a possibility. But what he had saved from the wreck of his family's personal property, and which was now undoubtedly his own, secured him against the immediate indigence to which so many of his countrymen were exposed; and it released him from the apprehension of being burthensome to his friends—from the humiliation of dependence, and its insupportable consequence, contempt.

Almost immediately on his escape from Valenciennes, he had given nearly
the

the whole of the valuable articles he had saved to Ellefmere, requesting him to send them to England; which had been done, and advice of their being delivered safely to his banker. This property, amounting to between three and four thousand pounds sterling, was now his own; and as in the present scene of incessant action, his life was every hour in hazard, he drew up a short testament, describing what he possessed, and the hands it was in; and, after bequeathing a valuable jewel to Ellefmere, in remembrance of their friendship, he gave the rest to Angelina Denzil, in testimony of his ardent, and unalterable affection. This paper he sealed up, and deposited with Ellefmere, giving him, at the same time, another copy of it to send to England: and, having settled all this, he returned with redoubled alacrity to the duties of his station.

A general assault of Valenciennes was now hourly expected; and from the obstinate resistance which the besieging

army had already experienced, they expected that the town would hold out to the last extremity. As the time might perhaps be short that they could pass together, D'Alonville took the opportunity of every little respite from duty to converse with Ellesmere, and avail himself of moments that would too probably return no more. He was with him when a large packet of letters were delivered to him from England—Ellesmere ran over the covers—from my father? said he—from my brother?—from my sister Elizabeth? D'Alonville could not help enquiring, if there was none from Mrs. Denzil? Ellesmere answered, no; “But perhaps,” added he, “some of my letters may speak of her and her family.”—He opened and read slightly over that from his father—It was short, and referred him to his brother's letter for intelligence, which, he said, could not fail to be pleasing to his son Edward. This being inspected, ran thus:—

DEAR

DEAR EDWARD,

THERE is nothing more highly gratifying to a man of a certain turn of mind, than to announce to any of its branches the prosperity of his family; and, when such a man has the very high satisfaction of knowing, that he has himself contributed to elevate, in the eyes of the world, the race from which he derives an honourable descent, this proud consciousness cannot but extremely encrease the complacency with which he recurs to the past events of his life.

It has been my fortune to feel this sentiment, and I glory in it. I should be sorry to have cause to complain of any derogation in the other branches of the Ellesmere family; or to suppose, that the absurd predilection you have frequently shewn for strangers, should, for a moment, interfere with the interest you ought to take in the concerns of the family of which you are fortunate enough to be a member.

My sister Mary, since she has been under the auspices of Lady Sophia Ellesmere, has been addressed by two gentlemen of equal respectability, but of fortune so unequal, that she would not hesitate a moment between them, had not an invidious, and, I am well convinced, a false report obtained, that Mr. Melton formerly made an offer of his hand to some little obscure girl, whose very existence must have been unnoticed, had not her family been suffered, by the easy goodness and unresisting benevolence of my good friend, Lord Aberdore, to claim I know not what remote alliance to the illustrious house of his lordship.

Report, which in truth one equally contemns and detests, goes farther, and asserts (though its extreme incredibility destroys the assertion), that this person *refused* Mr. Melton, notwithstanding the immense disparity in their conditions; and refused him on account of her attachment to that Frenchman whom you inconsiderately introduced to your friends.

Nay,

Nay, it has been said, that a challenge afterwards passed between you and Mr. Melton, about that foreigner; and that it was with difficulty you were prevented from proceeding to an hostile discussion of the question, whatever it might be, between you. An officious old woman, a Mrs. Risby, has been so impertinent as to tell Mary all this. Her pride, which women ever place improperly, has taken the alarm; and she will not give her *ultimatum* to her lover, Mr. Melton, till this matter is cleared up. This you, brother Edward, can easily do; and I expect it of you, as does Sir Maynard.— I think I need say no more; however, it may not be amiss to point out to your observation, the advantages of an alliance between our family, and that of Mr. Melton:

He possesses, in the counties of Gloucester and Worcester, between four and five thousand pounds a year, besides a borough, for which he brings two members into the House of Commons:

He is, though not heir to an Irish

barony, yet within two of it; and the persons between him and this honour are old—and, though married, childless. He has in his gift church-preferment to the annual value of seven or eight hundred pound. You will recollect, that Hugh is destined for the church—and make your own application.

I thought Mary had more sense than to have hesitated a moment about accepting all these advantages; but, as her ridiculous punctilio is so easily obviated, I wish to leave her no excuse.

Let me, then, hear from you immediately; that is, write such a letter as may satisfy this vain capricious girl, that Mr. Melton made no proposals to this Miss What-d'ye-call-her; and that the whole confused story she has heard from Mrs. Risby is untrue.

I am,

Dear Edward,

Your's,

H. M. W. ELLESMERE.

The existing circumstances require an immediate reply.

To

To this sententious letter, Ellesmere immediately settled what to answer. He then read his sister's, which contained not a word of what he wanted to know; and D'Alonville, who saw that his friend was vexed at something in his brother's letter, and that he had no chance of gaining any intelligence of Angelina, soon after left him.

Edward Ellesmere knew his sister too well not to be well assured, that some other reason that operated on her mind more powerfully than these vague stories against her accepting a man who was so near an Irish barony, and actually possessed a fortune that would give her a right to enjoy all the pleasures and luxuries of life—that he guessed truly, the following letter will evince Miss Mary never confided in her elder sister. But to the daughter of the clergyman of the next parish to Eddisbury-hall, a romantic girl of her own age, with whom she had agreed to correspond, when she went to London, she unveiled the various emotions

of her heart in tolerable spelling, and in a style partly formed from the light reading of the day, and partly from the conversation of the people she now lived among. Part of her letter described an assembly at which she had been:—"But what is all this," continued she—"ah! what, my Janetta, to the sentiments of the heart! Oh! Frederic!—could you but have seen him, my friend, could you but hear him, you would not for a moment be surprised at my wavering—he is amiable *to a degree*—there is in his manner so much fashion—so much elegance! He has only one brother, who is now serving in the army under the Duke of York. He declares, that he should really be sorry if any thing happened to his brother. With what gaiety, yet, with what proper feeling did he speak of his chance of being a peer of England, if this should be the case. It is true, that Mr. Melton is altogether unexceptionable as to his situation, and he has almost a certainty of having a title—then his fortune and interest—

interest—and my brother's partiality to him—besides that, I have really no objection to him.

But this Frederic Fitz-Raymond!—Oh! my Janetta, how unequally are the gifts of fortune divided! Fitz-Raymond protests, that he never loved till now; and how can I do otherwise than believe him? when he, who could without doubt marry the greatest heiress, attaches himself to your Mary, while I have every day assurances that Mr. Melton really *did* make his addresses to one of those Denzils—Ridiculous!—one can hardly think it possible. My mother, Lady Sophia, and Miss Milington, are amazed at my thinking of *this* as an objection; and the latter, (who certainly speaks from experience) assures me, I may live and die Mary Ellemere, if I wait till I find a man who has never before had an attachment—yet Frederic Fitz-Raymond is that man! In short, the fact was, that the vanity and the *love* of the young lady were engaged on one side, her interest and

ambition on the other; but the scale was turned, not by her brother Edward's answer, which was carefully concealed from her, but by a still more mortifying circumstance: Her lover, the enchanting Frederic Fitz-Raymond, suddenly turned all his attention to a young widow, who, just at the period in question, returned to the world of fashion, with unimpaired beauty and a large jointure; and Miss Mary Ellesmere had the humiliating assurance, that before the death of her husband, the man whose first affections she had believed were hers, had been the most constant attendant of this lady to whom he now paid serious addresses.— To relate such a circumstance to her, Janetta, was impossible—to recollect all she had written was painful—and the wisest thing she could do, was to accept Mr. Melton without hesitation; on which, therefore, she immediately determined. The wedding was celebrated with splendour; and Mr. Melton carried his bride to his seat in Worcestershire; of which
fortunate

fortunate event Sir Maynard wrote to his son Edward, in terms highly expressive of his satisfaction.

A very short time afterwards, another event of equal importance and equal delight happened in this apparently prosperous family:—The rich manufacturer died, whose purchases near Eddisbury had so greatly disturbed the felicity of Sir Maynard Ellesmere, that, notwithstanding the arising prosperity and accumulating places of his family, he felt like the illustrious prince who continually addressed one of his courtiers,

“Sir, I am not Duke of Tuscany while you wear those spectacles.”

The old baronet was not Sir Maynard Ellesmere, while Mr. Nodes, whose money was obtained by making buttons, had the impertinence to buy land near the old family seat of the Ellesmeres of Eddisbury-hall, where he impudently built a better house than Eddisbury-hall itself; placed a bust of Franklin in his vestibule; (a vestibule in the house of a mechanic!) had

Ludlow

Ludlow among his books, quoted Milton to his companions, and drank to the rights of man.

If the removal of a neighbour so obnoxious was an agreeable circumstance to the inhabitants of Eddisbury, it was followed by one much more so:—The house thus raised by button-making, becoming the property of a great number of the late owner's collateral relations, it was put up to sale, and purchased by a Mr. *Darnly*, who was just returned from a thirty years residence in India, with a great deal of money, and a resolution to marry and found a family. In consequence of this, he changed the name of Grange-hill-house, to that of *Darnly Park*. The neighbours venerated his riches, though acquired perhaps by means somewhat less innocent than those of its late possessor, and agreed to forget, in favour of this regulation, the appellation of Button-Buildings, or Node's Folly, with which they had hitherto indulged their envy or their spleen.

Franklin and his round-heads were swept

swept away for ever. Instead of pictures of Price and Priestly, the aspiring Pagoda was represented on the painted sattin that covered the walls, and around them josses and mandarins of gold and ivory nodded on brackets of ore moulu.

Lady Ellesmere, ever attentive to the operations of her neighbours, while for the fate of Europe she felt no manner of concern, had contrived to obtain a complete catalogue of all these fineries as they arrived, and knew exactly in what apartment they were placed. And the bamboo chairs; the curtains of japan muslin lined with silk; the beds of the most rare chintz, or rich sattin; such immense jars as had never been seen in Staffordshire; and then, *such* a side-board of plate!—all these had made a deep impression on the mind of the good lady of the hall. When she looked at the high backed old fashion chairs, so long in use in Sir Maynard's family; the carpet which had been very handsome five and thirty years ago; the damask curtains faded and changed, and
beds

beds that were then thought superb, but were now *quite old-fashioned*, she was half sorry that there must be a continual comparison between the antiquities of Eddisbury-hall, and the modern beauties of Darnly Park; and almost regretted the bust of Franklin, and the prints of Priestly and of Price; who could not, in point of respectability, be compared with all the noble personages who had borne for three centuries the name of Ellesmere, and of whom many were now represented among the ornaments of Eddisbury; and from within the gilt timber of the massy frames then encompassed them, beheld with majestic gravity, or simpered with soft amenity,

“As in the days of their Queen Ann”...

On the ponderous moveables, or rather immoveables, that seemed co-*eval* with themselves.

This discontent, though carefully stifled, yet won insensibly on the mind of Lady Ellesmere, and in proportion as the India cabinets and Persian silks multiplied at

Darnly

Darnly Park, would have become a very uneasy sensation, if the profound politician, her eldest son, had not suggested what she, good woman, nor even Sir Maynard himself would have been long in discovering; this was, that though Eddisbury-hall could not very conveniently be furnished like Darnly Park, yet, that from thence its most fair and most amiable ornament might be derived. In a word, Mr. Darnly was unmarried, very rich, and wanted a wife. Where could he find one superior to the eldest nymph of Eddisbury, Elizabeth Ellefinere? It is true that Mr. Darnly was about fifty, though he owned but six-and-thirty. He was not handsome, being originally of a very dark complexion, which, by the little bilious complaints he had picked up in his various residences, had become the deepest tint between orange, tawny, and black, that the cuticula of an European could possibly assume—but then he had fine large dark eyes; and if his figure was none of the most elegant and light, he was always well dressed, talked well,

well, nay, was even a respectable orator in Leadenhall-street—and, as to person, what signifies person? Mr. Darnly was very well for a man.

All this was so true, and the prospect of being mother-in-law to the possessor of such sweet things as were assembling at Darnly Park, was so pleasant, that Lady Ellesmere now thought of nothing else. One recollection however startled her, the long attachment of her daughter Elizabeth to another man, who having now for years persisted in “her hopeless unhappy passion,” might, in the true spirit of romantic heroism, determine still—“To flight the Squire, and wed the Curate,” or at “least to die a maid for his sake.”

This was to be guarded against by all that maternal prudence and worldly wisdom could devise. The day before the meditated attack on the heart of Mr. Darnly, (with whom Mr. Ellesmere had taken care to cultivate an acquaintance in town, and who was now asked to dinner at Eddisbury, Sir Maynard having previously

ously left his card in due form,) Lady Ellesmere began a very long and very sensible discourse on the folly of young women, who, before they were judges of what would constitute their happiness, suffered themselves to be entangled in attachments which prudence and reason afterwards forbade; and having finished the exordium, she glided into an eulogium on Darnly Park, and on the riches of its possessor; and then coming to the point communicated to her daughter the hopes her family had conceived, and the projects they meditated for the next day.

Miss Ellesmere was, it is true, very much in love; but she was a woman of sense; and women of sense at seven and twenty, are competent to the controul of weaknesses that run away with them at seventeen. So, as her lover had failed in one material point, that of determining to marry before he had got a benefice, or possessed his fortune, (which a man very much in love ought at least to have offered,) Miss Ellesmere affecting to feel a proper contest in her gentle bosom, between the fatal affection

affection so long nourished there, and her duty towards her family, consented to hear Mr. Darnly, if Mr. Darnly desired to be heard, and prepared for conquest, influenced perhaps a little by another motive than those she imagined she had yielded to—the mortification she had felt at seeing her sister Mary so well married before her.

“The pensive Nun,” (for such was the character of countenance and dress that Miss Ellesmere had assumed since she had been “crossed in love,”) now adorned her face with smiles, and her person with the most fashionable habiliments sent down by Lady Sophia in honour of Miss Mary’s marriage. Anxious that every part of the family might appear to the best advantage, she overlooked, that morning, the simple address of Theodora, who, though now admitted into company at the earnest request of her brother Edward, was still considered as a child, especially by her eldest sister.

“Do, Dora,” said she, “tie your sash better, my dear, you look quite a squab, I declare, and never mind how your things
are

are put on—and then your hair—I never saw such hair.”

“Dear sister,” cried Dora, “what would you have me do with it? I cannot make it look any better; you know mamma wont let me have it dressed and powdered.”

“Dressed and powdered!” exclaimed the eldest sister, “no, I think not, indeed! a pretty idea it would be to put powder in the hair of such a child!”

“No such child, neither,” murmured Dora, as she submitted her beautiful fair hair to the direction of Miss Ellesmere’s maid; “though, to be sure,” added she in a still lower key, “to be sure I am not almost thirty.”

Very vain are the projects of weak-fighted mortals—Mr. Darnly came, and saw, and was conquered, but not by the maturer beauties of the elder sister—the little wild Theodora, with her light flaxen hair half hiding her very fair face:—her childish manners and innocent simplicity made, at the first interview, a slave of the Nabob of Darnly Park. There was not much

much above five-and-twenty years difference in their ages, though there appeared perhaps a little more, "because fair people always look *younger* than they are; and Mr. Darnly had lived so long in a hot climate, that he seemed older than he really was." Mr. Darnly knew, that though it was so long since Sir Maynard had retired from it, that he was still a man of the world; he therefore made his proposals for Miss Theodora without hesitation; they were accepted, not only without hesitation, but with satisfaction greater than is usually felt even on these satisfactory occasions. Immediate preparations were made for celebrating these nuptials in a style of even greater splendour than those of Mrs. Melton. Theodora, when she looked in the face of her lover, was almost ready to cry; but when she tried on the jewels he gave her, and contemplated the carriages, the servants, the houses she was to be mistress of, she could not help shewing her childish joy, together with a degree of triumph over her eldest sister, which Miss Ellesmere affected

affected not to feel, while she took every opportunity of declaring how happy she was made by the singular good fortune of her dear little Dora; adding, that she hoped the amiable child would enjoy great felicity; for though, to be sure, Mr. Darnly had the character of being a sad libertine, yet that now being married to such a lovely young creature, he would undoubtedly reform, and, for her part, she should dedicate her whole life to her beloved and venerable parents, since she was the only daughter they had left, and to the penfive regret inspired by recollections of the promises of early life, wishing her sisters all happiness, but not feeling any degree of envy at the difference of their destinies.

This part, however hard to sustain, she went through with great courage. Theodora became mistress of Darnly-hall; and the delightful news of the completion of this marriage was sent to Edward Ellemere, before he had even heard that such an event was likely to happen.

C H A P. III.

Down many a weary step to dungeons dark,
 Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank;
 To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,
 And cell, whose echoes only learn to groan;
 Where no kind has a whispering friend disclose;
 No sun beam enters, and no zephyr blows.

DARWIN.

THE fortunate events that followed each other so quickly in the Ellef-mere family, had hardly ceased to occupy the good sort of middle-aged women and amiable young ladies in the neighbourhood of Eddisbury-hall; the very visits were but just over; and the remarks not yet finished of—"Dear, how lucky some people are! well, there are people who are born to be fortunate, and it is better to be fortunate than rich," when a very heavy calamity clouded the satisfaction of Sir Maynard and his eldest son: this was the death of his only grandson, who had never been a strong child, and whose

whose feeble health had been injured by the extreme care that had been given to its preservation. Mr. Ellesmere had five daughters; but this boy was the hope of his family—he was, therefore, extremely afflicted by his death, and whether the fatigues of his place (for he had now a place of fifteen hundred a year), or the deep thought on political matters, to which he gave himself up; whether it was that his frame was calculated only to last a certain number of years, or that its decay was accelerated by sorrow, certain it is, that he was immediately attacked by a lurking fever, which undermined his constitution; and the wasting atrophy seized him so quickly, that in five weeks he followed his son to the grave.

This news was of course communicated to his brother, now heir to the title, and the greater part of the estate of the Ellesmere family. It fell, however, to D'Alonville's lot to open these dispatches; for when they arrived at Ostend, where, by this time, both he and his friend were,

Edward Ellesmere was not in a condition to read them.

To account for this, the transactions of the last six or eight weeks must be recollected. Ellesmere and D'Alonville were in the victorious army that entered Valenciennes in July. They were then ordered to Dunkirk; and, on the fifth of September, in sustaining the Austrians, the regiment in which Ellesmere was, suffered extremely. The impetuosity of the men was not to be restrained. Ellesmere, in endeavouring to form his troop, who were dismounted, and to lead them up to the walls, whither they were confusedly running, received a musket shot through his shoulder, while another broke his arm. He fell with the violence of the last blow, and was left bleeding on the ground; when D'Alonville, who was about an hundred yards from him, heard a soldier, as he ran by, exclaim, that Captain Ellesmere was killed, and the Austrians already stripping him—It was impossible for him to leave his post, insensible of his own danger; the

the loss of a friend so deservedly beloved, was more painful at that moment than death itself. In an instant, however, the retreat became general ; and D'Alonville, without further consideration, ran towards the spot where he thought he should find his dying friend.—He saw him a little farther sitting on the ground, and leaning against a soldier—he was sensible, but either so stunned by the blow, or so weak from loss of blood, that he could not speak.—He smiled, however, when he saw D'Alonville, and held out his other hand. “He must be moved instantly,” cried D'Alonville, in his imperfect English. “Aye, that you *may* say, my dear boy,” answered the Irish soldier, who supported him, “for, by Jafus! now there’s a party of French horse coming down pell mell upon us, and we shall make work for their broad swords ; as for you, honey, I think you’d best take to your heels.” “*You may*,” cried D'Alonville, “if you chuse it; but I shall not leave Captain Ellesmere.—My dear friend, can you

D 2

walk,”

walk?" added he; "let us try to lead you away; I trust you are not wounded more than I perceive." Ellesmere assented, by a nod, to try to walk; and the Irishman, who was a very strong fellow, assisted by D'Alonville, lifted him upon his legs, and led him for near an hundred paces, when he fainted away.

"This is unfortunate," cried D'Alonville. "Come, my friend, we must carry him between us—can you get no other assistance?" Two or three other soldiers now ran up; but at the same moment the body of French horse, which had sallied from the town, came thundering upon them; and seeing an emigrant (easily distinguished from the rest by his uniform), they flew towards him, and endeavoured to cut him down. D'Alonville, while he continued to support Ellesmere with one hand, till he was taken from him by a soldier, defended himself with the other; and with his pistol shot the first assailant through the body; but the second aimed a stroke of a sabre with so much success, that

that he cut him deeply in the neck ; and the attack of a third would perhaps have been more fatal, but that a party of Austrian horse having rallied, came galloping up, and the French, inferior in numbers, were glad to relinquish their vengeance, and secure their own safety, by scampering back to the town as fast as they could.

D'Alonville, though he lost a good deal of blood, was sure that the wound he had received was of no great consequence—He hung over his friend, who he feared was dead, in the greatest agitation of mind. At length, Ellesmere was placed upon a table in the place appropriated for an hospital ; and a surgeon attending, D'Alonville had the satisfaction of knowing, that his arm need not be amputated, but that the wound in the shoulder seemed of a more alarming nature, as their first efforts to extract the bullets failed, and Ellesmere, so faint, that they were for that time compelled to desist from the attempt. In a few hours

they expected to be more successful, as Ellesmere would then be more able to bear the extreme anguish that it must occasion ; but before this period arrived, a general retreat became necessary, and the wounded, in whatever condition they might be, were removed—first to Turnes, and then to Ostend ; where, after many perils and severe sufferings on the part of Ellesmere, he was at length placed out of immediate danger of being massacred by the enemy, as was but too probable, had he fallen into their hands ; and D'Alonville, being a volunteer, was at liberty on obtaining permission, to attend him, which he did with fraternal affection. The wound he had received himself was soon healed, and even during its cure, his youth and good constitution enabled him to give his whole attention to the situation of his friend ; which continued very precarious, from the extreme difficulty the surgeons found in extracting the balls, that had carried with them pieces of the cloth of his coat—a circumstance that rendered

rendered his final cure long doubtful, and extremely tedious. His fever ran very high for more than three weeks; and it was much longer before D'Alonville was convinced he was out of danger; while he still suffered from the fever, the intelligence arrived of the unexpected death of his elder brother; and it was some days before he was in a condition to be told of it, though such news is not usually accounted among the afflictions of modern young men.

When Edward Ellesmere was informed of what had happened, he did not affect what he did not feel—immeasurable concern for the loss of a brother he could not love. He felt, however, for his father, to whom he knew that was a cruel blow; but for the rest of the parties concerned he made himself easy, by recollecting, that his mother would relieve herself by talking about it to Mrs. Gregson the lawyer's wife, and Mrs. Perks the lady of the apothecary at the neighbouring town; while Lady Sophia would assuage or

suspend her grief, by consultations with Miss Milington on the best shops to purchase the various articles for family mourning, and finally, how to adjust her own in the most becoming manner.

Not long after the news of this event, D'Alonville, finding Ellesmere so much recovered that he could leave him, took the opportunity of going to Bruges, where he had business with some of his countrymen, and where he was to meet the commander of his corps in which he had been a volunteer, meaning to take a temporary dismission in order to attend Ellesmere to England, whither he now proposed to go as soon as he was in a condition to undertake the journey, and whither he earnestly pressed his friend to accompany him.

Having settled what he came about, he fauntered round the town with one of his acquaintance, waiting the departure of the boat that was to carry him back to Ostend—when passing through an obscure street, he heard a hollow and mournful

mournful voice repeat his name, in that kind of dejected tone which is used when we speak without a hope of being attended to.—The words seemed to come from beneath the ground—D'Alonville started, and looked about him for the person that spoke—he again heard himself called; and at length at a window, of which only about two feet appeared above the earth, and which was so closely barred, that hardly any light entered at it; he would have stretched out his hand, but the bars denied that, and he could only faintly repeat the name of D'Alonville—adding, a moment afterwards, in a still fainter tone—“Have you forgot Carlowitz, your acquaintance from Poland, who was once so much obliged to you?”

“No, indeed, I have not,” replied D'Alonville; “though, indeed, I am much concerned to see you in such a place; I hardly dare to ask what I am to call it.”

“A prison,” answered the unhappy Carlowitz, “where I have now been con-

finied many weeks." " I tremble to ask after your amiable daughter," said D'Alonville; " is she at Bruges?" " Ah! my poor Alexina!" replied Carlowitz, in a tremulous voice—" She is indeed at Bruges, but in what a situation!"—" She is not, however, with you in the prison?" enquired D'Alonville—" No, . . . but I fear . . . indeed I know but too well, that her situation is as deplorable as my own; though when she comes to weep at this grate, she tries to conceal her sufferings." D'Alonville now wished to ask at once many questions, how he could immediately relieve Carlowitz; where he could see Alexina; and what he could do for them both? He sent away his two friends, requesting of them to go and give up the place he had taken in the boat; and determining not to leave Bruges till he had alleviated, if he could not entirely relieve, the present calamities of Carlowitz and his daughter; he entered into this general design with all the enthusiasm of his character.

The story he heard from Carlowitz, to whom

whom, with great difficulty he got admission, was very simple; "I found," said he, "my reception at Vienna extremely cold; my wife's relations offered to take Alexina indeed, but I found it would be only to treat her as an humble dependant; Alexina thought she could bear any hardship she might encounter with me, better than this humiliating situation. To live upon the charity of people of whom she knew nothing, but that their principles and ideas were altogether different from those in which she had been educated; while on those I professed, and which had been the occasion of my abandoning my country, they looked with abhorrence. We accepted nothing from them but what they appeared even desirous of giving us; a small sum of money to carry us to Paris, where I thought I should have found in the new land of freedom, persons in whom I should meet congenial sentiments, and be admitted to serve the cause in which my whole soul was engaged; but how cruelly I was disappointed, you may imagine,

gine, when I tell you that I quitted almost immediately a place where I saw and heard actions and language more inimical to the cause of the real liberty and happiness of mankind, than could have proceeded from the united efforts of every despot that had ever insulted the patience of the world.—I then, with my poor girl, crossed the kingdom of France, and arrived here, in the intention of going to England.—I will not describe to you all the inconveniences to which my Alexina was exposed; but she bore them with heroic fortitude; and when she saw me distressed and affected by beholding her reduced to the condition of a miserable wanderer; she smiled, and declared herself a thousand times happier than she could have been by remaining at Vienna. When we arrived here, I was compelled to incur debts—and I found myself treated as a spy and a disaffected person. The poor have no friends; I was arrested and thrown into this dungeon about five weeks ago.—The people here are too much engaged at this time to attend

tend to the administration of civil justice, and I believe the reasons of my imprisonment have never been even enquired into. There are two other unhappy men confined with me in these unwholesome dungeons, who have been here for many months; one of them is dying in that dark cavern, and the other agreed with me to watch alternately at the window (if window it may be called), in hopes of exciting the pity of some passenger; when I had the good fortune to see and recollect you."—D'Alonville shuddered at this relation, and at the wretched appearance of the unfortunate Carlowitz.—He assured him that he would not quit Bruges till he had effected his relief; bade him rely with confidence on Ellesmere's friendship, and who had perhaps more power than he had; and having taken a direction where to find Alexina, and done what he could to make the condition of Carlowitz more tolerable for the night, he quitted him to go in search of his daughter.

Alexina had interested in her behalf a
sisterhood

sisterhood of Beguins; who, touched with her filial piety and dignified resignation to a destiny so deplorable, had employed her in this convent in such works as she could perform; but since the town had been full of sick and wounded prisoners, she had attended one of these charitable nuns in administering to the wretched victims of war: and when this pious task was over, in which she had but too near a view of every species of human misery, the evening closed with a visit at the grate of her father's prison.

It was there that her fortitude sometimes forsook her for a moment, when she saw his pallid countenance and emaciated figure—and when in a tremulous voice he assured her he was well, and suffered nothing when he could look on her; she could with difficulty stifle the groans of anguish that were ready to burst from her heart; “Is this,” would she have said, “is this the reward of years of unblemished virtue and integrity? Is this dungeon, where, to draw breath is to inhale disease to be the last

last scene of a life passed in acts of beneficence, and now sacrificed to public virtue?—while so many profligate and worthless men are enjoying the favours of fortune, my father perishes unheard, unpitied, and unknown—without any other crimes than poverty, and the love of his unhappy country.”—Such were the melanc holy reflections that depressed the heart of Alexina—but she endeavoured to disguise the anguish of that heart, and spoke of hope and comfort she was far from feeling.—She sometimes had made interest with a good priest who had promised his endeavours to release her father; and sometimes had engaged the Beguine, to whom she had attached herself, to apply to the superior of her order on his behalf, that his situation might be made known to the magistrates.—Carlowitz heard her relate these projects with mingled admiration and concern: he did not discourage them, since they seemed to amuse her sorrow, but he well knew that from such expedients he had nothing to hope.—All the
little

the earnings of Alexina were expended in procuring for her father such comforts as they could purchase, which every evening she carried to him herself—without this alleviation he would probably have perished long before the period when D'Alonville fortunately discovered him.—When D'Alonville was introduced to this unfortunate but admirable woman, he found her extremely changed in her person, but her understanding seemed to have acquired strength, from misfortunes which would have overwhelmed a less elevated spirit; in contemplating her tall but slender form, he thought with wonder on the fortitude of mind which had supported so delicate a frame, through a long series of such hardships as she had encountered; and while his zeal in her service, and that of her father, was redoubled by the conversation he had with her, he was delighted to think that his exertions, should they be successful, would gratify his friend Ellesmere, who, though he had never any expectation of seeing Alexina again, had frequently

frequently mentioned her to Ellesmere as a woman for whose welfare, short as his acquaintance had been with her, he should ever feel the liveliest interest—and sometimes, when the beauty or merit of women to whom he occasionally was introduced, became the subject of their conversation, Ellesmere had compared their persons and manners with those of the interesting Poloneze, to whom he had always given the preference.

Alexina had learned to converse in French in travelling through that country, not indeed with the correctness of a native, but so as to be extremely well understood, and with an accent which, though peculiar, D'Alonville thought the most agreeable he had ever heard from a foreigner. This acquisition accelerated extremely the release of her father, as by this means D'Alonville learned many circumstances of which he must otherwise have remained ignorant, or have learned through a medium which might have misrepresented them. He availed himself with so much
zeal

zeal and expedition of every advantage this, and his having command of present money afforded him, (for he had obtained from England a sufficient credit for all his present purposes), that at the expiration of the fourth day from his fortunate discovery of Carlowitz, he had the infinite satisfaction of seeing him at liberty. Nothing then remained but to wait another day at Bruges, to procure more decent apparel for both father and daughter. The latter indeed had for some time adopted the long gown of coarse grey cloth, worn by the "Sisters of Mercy," in which she appeared with more true dignity than an infinite number of those insipid moppets of fortune, who exhaust their tradesmens' imagination and patience in devising new ornaments, to give, for one day, to their mean and insignificant figures that consequence which nature has denied.—But as this was not a dress in which Alexina could appear at Ostend, whither D'Alonville had prevailed on her father to accompany him, he contrived by sister Ernestina, the good
Begaine,

Beguine, to prevail on her to accept the means of procuring other apparel, for she had parted with all her own for her father's support. Many, many months had passed since D'Alonville had found himself so happy as he was when he handed her into the boat that was to carry to Ostend her and her father, who followed her with eyes overflowing with tears, that all his misfortunes had never called forth.

CHAP. IV.

To thee the day-spring and the blaze of noon

The purple evening, the resplendent moon,

The stars, that sprinkled o'er the vault of night

Seem drops descending in a shower of light,

Shine not : for un-desir'd and hated shine,

Seen thro' the medium of a cloud like thine,

COWPER.

THE satisfaction Ellesmere expressed when D'Alonville related what had passed, could only be exceeded by that of which he was sensible when Carlowitz and Alexina visited him. The predilection he had been conscious of, the first hour he saw Alexina, soon became a violent passion, when he had a daily opportunity of conversing with her ; and he no longer endeavoured to repress it. His situation was at this period so changed, that reason and prudence no longer opposed his inclinations ; for he was now heir to a fortune, which, though not large for a man who was ambitious, would be enough

enough to make him happy with the woman he loved.

Sir Maynard, who, while his eldest son and grandson were living, had considered the dangers of that profession into which his second son had entered, as being matters of course to a younger brother; now expressed the most painful apprehensions for his safety, and since such fears had been entertained of his recovery, in consequence of his wounds, had shewn great anxiety to have him return to England the moment he could do so with safety, and to have him quit the army entirely. Notwithstanding this encrease of Sir Maynard's paternal affection, Ellofmere knew him too well to imagine he would easily consent to his union with Alexina; and he loved and respected him too much, to think of marrying contrary to his wishes; but he flattered himself, that time, and the earnest desire Sir Maynard had to see successors to his family name, might at length obviate his objections, especially if he could become acquainted
with

with the merit of Alexina, whom Ellesmere fondly believed must by all eyes be seen with as much admiration as by his. He now recovered very fast; Alexina, who could not be insensible of an attachment so generous and tender, became his nurse; while Carlowitz passed much of his time in reading to him; and expressed, by every means in his power, his gratitude to him and to D'Alonville.

On every other subject Alexina heard Ellesmere with pleasure; but when he spoke to her of his love, she refused to listen, declaring to him, that fortune had put an insuperable bar between them, when it had reduced her to indigence; and that she was too proud to enter into a family, where she must expect to be considered as a foreign beggar. To this she adhered with a resolution that at length became alarming to Ellesmere, who fancied that some prepossession fatal to his happiness must be the occasion of her refusal, even to give him a promise of becoming his, if the acquiescence of Sir Maynard could be obtained.

tained. But Carlowitz, to whom he expressed these fears, assured him that Alexina had never been sensible of the least degree of partiality. "Believe me," said he, "my daughter is of too reserved a disposition to think of any man, however great his merit, who should not first have shewn her marked preference; and how few are there, who, with honourable views, think of giving such preference to a young person situated as Alexina has long been. Her person, which happens to please you, has probably nothing striking to the common observer.—An hundred men would admire a fine complexion, with ordinary features, who would pass the peculiar character of Alexina's countenance without notice: her figure, graceful as I allow it be, has never had the aid of ornament to set it off; and how few are judges of simple grace.—As to her understanding, which has so many charms in your opinion, I am convinced there is nothing that is so repulsive to the generality of men, as the appearance of unusual strength
of

of intellect in a woman — Men who have talents are afraid of finding a rival in a mistress; and weak men, conscious of their own inferiority, dread least they should make themselves liable to be governed or despised. — Thus the advantages that Alexina has in your eyes are, I am persuaded, disadvantages in the eyes of others; and you may rely upon my assurances, that had my daughter's heart been prepossessed in favour of another, she would herself have told you so."

These assurances on the part of Carlowitz satisfied Ellesmere, that it was not owing to the influence of a rival that Alexina answered him in a way which his fears construed into coldness; but in fact her resolution to refuse his hand cost her many tears when she was alone, though in his presence she appeared to have made this sacrifice to her pride, and her real attention to his welfare, with stoical tranquillity.

Her father did not appear to see Ellesmere's offers in the same light she did. —

He

He had long accustomed his mind to dwell on the dignity of virtue, and on those axioms, which teach that worth alone is true nobility and true honour; and, conscious of the value of his daughter, he did not think that any man, whatever might be his rank or fortune, could do her honour by marrying her.—As to the mere goods of fortune, though he owned that the want of them subjected a man in the present state of society to many inconveniencies; he held them to be advantages on which a wise man would never value himself, and for which an honest man should never sacrifice one principle of his integrity.—This language, which is so unusual among men of the world, (though it is sometimes the cant of the designing,) was the real sentiments of Carlowitz; who, amidst all the difficulties and distresses to which he had been exposed, suffered only for his daughter; and never on his own account repented the part he had taken.—Successful as it had hitherto been, his zeal in the cause of his country was

still indefatigable, and he now proposed to try what could be done in London to interest the humanity and awaken the spirit of freedom in a nation celebrated for both; and should he be fortunate enough to receive any encouragement, he intended to return into Poland, and once more attempt to rouse the dormant or timid virtue of his country. D'Alonville and Carlowitz had on this subject ideas so different, that it was impossible to bring them to agree on any one point.—They argued, however, with that perfect good humour that arose from their esteem of each other as individuals, and Ellefmere was admirably fitted for an umpire in their friendly political disputes; for, while he adhered to that system of government as the best, under which his own country had become the most flourishing in the world, he seldom thought the bold assertions of Carlowitz were carried too far.—These dialogues, which frequently happened, amused the mind of Ellefmere during his tedious convalescence, while the softer, but not less sensible

sensible conversation of Alexina, soothed his heart, and made even hours of pain and languor, in so disagreeable a place as a sick room at Ostend, appear the most delicious he had ever passed.

To D'Alonville they were less delightful; for though Ellesmere had dictated two letters to Mrs. Denzil, which he had written, and to which he had added postscripts, soliciting permission to correspond with her himself, no answer had been received; and imagining every thing fatal to his love, that could possibly happen, his impatience to revisit England became almost insupportable, and could have been checked only by the gratitude he owed Ellesmere, and the sincere affection he had for him.

At length the surgeons, under whose care Ellesmere was, declared their opinion, so long anxiously solicited; they thought he might go to England without danger of a relapse—if after he landed he avoided all fatigue, and moved by very short journeys into Staffordshire, where he had by this time learned that Sir Maynard him-

self, in a very precarious state of health, expected him with the greatest solicitude. — It was settled, then, between Ellesmere and Carlowitz, that they should not proceed together; for delightful as the company of Alexina was to him, Ellesmere would not expose her to the observations of other officers, who would, he knew, be travelling to England at the same time; nor would he risque any suspicions that might arise on the part of his own family. Carlowitz and Alexina therefore, accompanied by a German servant of Ellesmere's, whom he had hired on purpose, set out four days earlier than that he had fixed for his departure with D'Alonville.; and being furnished with proper passports, arrived in London without any other adventure than that of being now and then abused for being natives of France. Honest John, seldom making any distinction, and concluding, that whoever is not an Englishman, a Scotchman, or an Irishman, must of course be a Frenchman.

October 1793, now drew towards its conclusion,

conclusion; and two days before that, on which Ellesmere and D'Alonville were to leave Ostend, intelligence was received there of the execution of the Queen of France—intelligence that gave to every heart the most poignant sensations of regret and indignation—concern for the long-sufferings of this unhappy woman, so lately the admiration of the world.—The desire of avenging a deed so infamous, and shame that it should have been perpetrated by Frenchmen, had together such an effect on D'Alonville, that it now became Ellesmere's turn to console; and it was many hours before he could prevail on his friend to speak of it with composure, while he himself could not but acknowledge that such an act of injustice and cruelty was a national disgrace, which would for ever stigmatize the country where it had been committed.

The preparations for their journey, and the attention necessary to his friend, whose wounds made the slightest exertion painful and dangerous, served to give to the

thoughts of D'Alonville, a seasonable relief.—They embarked with every appearance of having a quick passage, but about half channel over the wind became contrary, and they were driven to the eastward of Dover; so that it was not till after being five and thirty hours at sea that they made good their landing; Ellesmere being so fatigued and harrassed by so rough a voyage, that he found himself extremely ill on arriving at Dover, and was compelled to remain there two days. On the third he got as far as Canterbury, and on the fourth to Rochester.

At this place a servant of Sir Maynard's had married, and was now settled in an inn, which, though not the most capital in the town, was of course frequented by the friends of his former master.—Ellesmere and D'Alonville arrived there about three o'clock; and as Henshaw, the host, had been apprized of the arrival of a son of his old master, for whom he had also a great respect on his own account, every thing was prepared in the best manner for his reception.

Ellesmere

Ellesmere however was so much indisposed, that he went almost immediately to bed; but as soon as he was a little refreshed by rest, he sent for his old acquaintance Henshaw, and with his usual good humour entered into conversation with him on his trade and his family; while Henshaw expressed in the usual terms of condolence, his concern for the death of his honour's elder brother, 'Squire Ellesmere, and lamented the great grief it must be to "Sir Maynard and my good Lady."

"I see, Sir," said he, when these matters were discussed, "I see, your honour have brought the same French gentleman back, as went along with you to the army. Ah! well, he have had better luck than you have had, Sir—for he seems safe and sound—while it is a sad thing, to be sure, to see your honour so wounded and mangled as t'were,—but some folks know better than brave Englishmen, how to keep in a whole skin."

"Hey day!" cried Ellesmere, "what

is all this, Richard? why, are *you* thus become an Antigallican, and exclaim against your good customers the French, who are, I have heard you say, your best customers in time of peace? besides, you should not find fault with my friend, for not having been wounded—all *that*, you know, is the mere chance of war, and by no means dependent on bravery;—I assure you my friend was close by me when I received these wounds, and got a considerable injury himself in carrying me off the field.”

“Ah! well,” replied the landlord, “every ball, to be sure, has its billet, as I have heard say; but for my part, I think that the life of one Englishman, especially such a young gentleman as your honour, who now, as one may say, is the chiefest stay of such a great family, is worth all the Mounseers that ever drew breath—for, to tell you the truth, Sir, I don’t like ’em in no shape—nor never did—we’ve got one of them here now,” added he, thrusting his hand under his smooth brown wig,

wig, and turning it round as if to air his head; "we've got one on 'em here, that I don't know what to make of; I have had a mind once or twice to go to the magistrates about 'em, for my mind mis-gives me, that if he should turn out a Jackybin, I should get into trouble;—my wife she takes pity on un, and says she's sure he's only a little craz'd by his misfortunes, especially within these two or three days, since this last bad news from France, when, to be sure, he have seemed like one rift of his wits."

"Poor man!" said Ellesmere, "he is probably some unhappy emigrant; I hope, Henshaw, you have not treated him with unkindness—who can tell what grief he may be struggling against, in a strange country too, and perhaps without money?"

"I treated him with unkindness," cried the man—"lord bless your honour! no, not upon no account—To be sure, after the elderly man had left him, I says to my wife, says I"—"What, he had a companion with him then?" enquired Ellesmere.

"Yes, Sir, a grave, elderly, mild spoken man, that I took to be one of the Romish clergymen, as we have seen so many of; he went off to London two days ago; and told me he was going about business for his friend, and should be back within a week, or there away; and though, to be sure, he paid when he went away, and left me cash enough to answer t'others expences till he comes back, I can't say but what I should be glad to have my house clear on un; for somehow my mind mis-gives me, that this here man is either a mad man, or a spy for the Jackybins."

"In truth, they are characters not entirely inconsistent, Master Henshaw," said Ellemere, "but I do not apprehend your guest to be either. If you think this unfortunate foreigner will not be offended, I will send a message and request to speak to him; and I dare say I shall be able to relieve your fears of having harboured a mad Jacobin—if you will desire the Chevalier D'Alonville, my friend, to come to me, I believe we shall soon clear up this matter."

The

The host withdrew, with many acknowledgments to "his honour," and on D'Alonville's entering his room, related what Henshaw had been telling him; "I fear," said he, "this is an emigrant, who labours under some peculiar distress; do, my dear Chevalier, see him yourself; and enquire if we can be of any use to him."

D'Alonville readily undertook this humane commission, and going immediately down stairs, enquired of the landlord where he could speak to the French gentleman—the man bade one of the waiters see if he was in his room, who returning in a moment, said, rudely, "he ben't there—I reckon he's out upon one of his rambles,"—"and where," said D'Alonville, "is he usually to be found when he is out on these rambles?"—"Ah!" replied the man, "sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another, but chieftest, I think, by the river side about a mile off—as he've been taken for a spy there two or three times."—D'Alonville

procured a direction, and set out to see if he could discover the unhappy man, who, probably from derangement of his intellects in consequence of misfortune, was become the subject of illiberal suspicion, and vulgar curiosity.

It was a fullen gloomy autumnal evening: and as D'Alonville walked the way he had been directed, he took out his pocket-book, and saw from the memorandums he had made in it, that it was the anniversary of that evening, on which he had been compelled, with his expiring father, to take shelter in the then hospitable castle of Rosenheim. The cruel remembrance of that scene returned once more to his mind, and he sighed deeply—"perhaps," said he, "the poor wanderer whom I now seek, may be as desolate and wretched as I was then."—His mind thus recalled to the object of his search; he looked round, but saw nobody.—Close to the river a row of pollard willows crowded along the shelving bank, which formed a causeway; on the other side of which

which was an oſier ground—its marſhy ſurface concealed by withered flags, with here and there an old willow, which ſupported the earth that was raiſed above it; the evening wind ſighed round their almoſt leafleſs branches, and the ſmall remains of their grey and faded foliage, fell before ſlowly in the breeze; the ſurface of the water was black and troubled; and D'Alonville, as he ſurveyed the dreary ſcene, thought it but too fit a place for a miſerable being, ſuch as his countryman had been deſcribed, to indulge the darkeſt deſpair—perhaps even projects of ſuicide, to which too many of the victims of the revolution had been already driven. This idea urged him to continue his ſearch, though he began to fear it might be fruitleſs;—he advanced ſlowly, and at length, a few paces before him, thought he ſaw a man ſtretched on the ground, under a pollard-tree, which ſerved as a ſupport to him. D'Alonville approached him—and gazed upon him a moment in ſilence;—he was convinced
by

by the great-coat in which he was wrapped, that this was the person he sought, but he could not distinguish his face, which was concealed by his hat and his arm. D'Alonville going close up to him, spoke to him in French,—“Sir,” said he, “I fear you are not well by your being here at such a time—can I assist you to your lodgings? or can I be otherwise of use to you?”

The stranger raised himself upon his elbow, and fixed his eyes sternly on D'Alonville, who instantly uttered an exclamation of surprise and satisfaction. “It is De Touranges!” cried he, eagerly—“my dear friend, how fortunate is this meeting!”

De Touranges still gazed on him, as if he did not perfectly recollect him; after a moment, however, he held out his hand, and said, slowly and languidly—“The Chevalier D'Alonville, is it not?”

“Have you any doubts, De Touranges, of my identity?” cried D'Alonville,—“and how does D'Alonville deserve to be
received

received thus coldly by his friend, of whom he has been so long in search."

De Touranges had now risen from the ground, and lent against the tree, still looking on D'Alonville with an air of incredulity.—To D'Alonville's last question however, he replied in a slow and solemn tone, "I do not receive you coldly, my friend—but in very truth it is so long since I have seen any being I wished to see; it is so long since I have beheld the face of a friend, that I questioned the information of my senses, when they told me it was you." He paused a moment, and then leaning on D'Alonville's arm, the memory of all he had suffered, and all he had feared, rushed upon his mind at once, and seemed again to overwhelm him—deep groans burst from his heart. "Oh! my friend," said he, "to what a condition are we reduced! in what a state of wretchedness, of hopeless disgrace is France, our ruined country,—this last infamous murderer!—my brain burns when I think of it: I curse the hour of my birth

birth—I call upon the powers of vengeance, to sweep the nation guilty of such an atrocity from the earth.” There was so much wildness in the manner of saying all this, and still more in the look and gesture with which it was accompanied; that it but too well justified the opinion that had been formed of his state of mind.

D’Alonville thought it better to let this agonizing burst of passion pass off, before he attempted to soothe or to console him;—he supposed that De Touranges knew not that his wife, his mother, and his child were in safety in England, and that individual misery added redoubled poignancy to his keen sense of national calamity. He led him slowly back the way he had passed,—considering how he might the most safely disclose what he knew of Madame de Touranges.

“Where is the Abbé St. Remi?” enquired D’Alonville,—“he has not, I am sure, left you?”

“No,”

“No,” answered De Touranges, “he is gone to London, and gone on my account; but on a research how hopeless! A vague notion that we gathered in Brittany, that my wife and mother had taken shelter in England, induced me, as a last effort of despair, to yield to St. Remi’s entreaties, and to come to this country in search of them,—but no! they are not here—they are lost for ever;—the delicate frame of my poor Gabrielle has sunk under trials so severe—she and my infant perished together, and my mother—my dear, my tender mother! she perhaps lives, but in some situation, that to a woman of her high spirit, must be worse than a thousand deaths.”

D’Alonville, who thought this a favourable opportunity to begin revealing some of the intelligence, which would be so welcome to the wounded mind of De Touranges, yet was not to be too abruptly told, now said, “but you are too hasty in concluding that all this evil has befallen you—perhaps, the good Abbé may bring you

you more satisfactory intelligence, perhaps."

"Tell me not of perhaps, and perhaps," cried the Marquis, impatiently;—"you know that it is but trifling with my miseries. No, no! all is lost for me!—my wife, my child, my mother, my friends, my country, my fortune! I am a desolate and wretched being—my existence is painful to myself, and burthensome to others—I have nothing left to do, but to die—and I feel it to be meanness and cowardice that I have lived so long."

"But what," said D'Alonville, "if these connections so deservedly dear to you still exist?—It would be surely throwing away the blessings you may still enjoy, and which I am persuaded are still reserved for you, were you to yield to this wild and desperate impulse of impatient passion."

He was going on, when De Touranges stopped him; and holding his arm, looked steadily in his face, repeating in a hollow tone—"these connections may still exist;
these

these blessings you may still enjoy, and which I am persuaded are reserved for you! Hah! D'Alonville, did you not say all this?—but have a care, my friend—do not, by way of healing the wounds of my heart, cause them to mortify—I am sensible,” continued he, putting his hand to his forehead, “that my reason has often been on the point of leaving me! what do you mean by holding out to me these hopes? never speak, I beseech you, in this way—it kills me.”

“But if I know any thing favourable,” said D'Alonville, “would you have me conceal it from you? or am I to suppose my friend so weakened by suffering, that he can neither bear evil nor good?—hear with calmness, what I believe; that your Gabrielle, with her infant, a lovely and promising boy, are both safe in the neighbourhood of London, under the protection of your mother; and that, though it be true, that in common with every emigrant from France they have suffered some inconveniencies, yet, that their greatest affliction

affliction has been in not knowing what was your fate."

As during this discourse they had entered the town, and were now at the door of their inn, De Touranges suffered his friend to lead him into a room, where he sat down unable to speak; in a few moments, however, he was so far recovered, as to listen, with some degree of composure, to the abridged narrative D'Alonville gave him of all that had befallen himself since they parted; and then, seeing De Touranges tolerably tranquil, though he could not yet converse, D'Alonville left him to inform Ellefmere, that in the person of the unhappy stranger for whom his humanity had been awakened, they had discovered, and probably rescued from the fatal effects of his despair, their old acquaintance De Touranges.—Ellefmere expressed the sincerest pleasure at this account. He would not, however, see De Touranges that night, but commissioned D'Alonville to settle with him that they should all proceed towards London together

gether the next morning. To this De Touranges most readily assented. The gloom that had darkened his mind now gave place to vehement impatience.—He asked a thousand questions of D'Alonville, and made him, again and again, relate the minutest circumstance relative to his wife, his child, and his mother; now besought him to say if he was *sure* they were still at the same place as when Mrs. Denzil mentioned them; and now calculated how many hours it would be before it was probable he should see them. D'Alonville, besides his own solicitude to see Angelina, was uneasy lest the impatience of De Touranges should still occasion some painful scenes; he wished to have St. Remi with them before this interview took place; but De Touranges would not listen to any idea of delay even on account of his excellent friend, but observed, when D'Alonville said that it was possible they might miss him, that they should certainly meet him on the road; or if not, that he could not fail finding

ing him at a coffee-house in London, where he lodged.—Thither, therefore, D'Alonville proposed that they should go immediately on their arrival in London; for which place the whole party set out before noon the next day; Ellesmere in better health and spirits than he had known since he received his wound; he was sure of meeting in London, the woman who was most dear to him, and though he proposed paying his duty to his father at Eddisbury, as soon as he was able to bear the fatigue of another journey, he had no fears of losing sight of the object of his passion, while De Touranges was tormented with a thousand fearful apprehensions of disappointment, and D'Alonville, far from being able to appease them, could not quiet those fears with which he was himself agitated, least, in the long interval since Ellesmere had heard of the Denzil family, something should have happened fatal to his hopes.

C H A P. V.

Je sens, que de mes jours, usés dans l'amertume
Le flambeau pâlisant s'éteint et se consume.

VOLTAIRE.

AS soon as the party reached London, Ellesmere went to lodgings that had been taken for him, where he had appointed to meet him, a man of great skill, under whose care Sir Maynard had insisted upon his putting himself, as soon as he arrived in England.—D'Alonville leaving De Touranges at the Coffee-house, (where they were fortunate enough to meet the Abbé de St. Remi,) accompanied Ellesmere to these lodgings, where, to the surprize rather than the satisfaction of the wounded soldier, he found his father. The recollection of the son he had lost, and the sight of Ellesmere, pale and emaciated, perhaps too, some unwelcome reproaches from his own heart, the little affection he had formerly shewn him, combined to affect the spirits
of

of Sir Maynard, who appeared to D'Alonville to be in a very bad state of health; as the latter knew he could be of no farther use to his friend, and suspected that he was not very welcome to Sir Maynard, he withdrew as soon as Ellesmere would permit him to take his leave, and returned to the place where he had left De Touranges and St. Remi, taking with him the direction contained in Mrs. Denzil's last letters, to the village where she and her family lodged, and near them the ladies De Touranges; information that he had before absolutely refused to give to the Marquis, whose impatience was so great, that D'Alonville doubted how far he could depend on his not breaking his word and going alone to their lodgings, had he known where they were.

While D'Alonville had been absent, the arguments of St. Remi, and the conviction of his perfect attachment, had in some measure subdued the frantic impatience of De Touranges, who still with great difficulty was induced to agree to
D'Alon-

D'Alonville's going first to Wandsworth, the village where his family and that of Mrs. Denzil were to be found, in order to apprize them of his being so near ; his mother, and his wife, who, especially the latter, had given up their long cherished hopes of ever seeing him again ; but as De Touranges could not be prevailed upon to stay till D'Alonville returned from a place so distant from London, it was settled that he and the Abbé should wait in a hackney coach at some distance, while D'Alonville went to Mrs. Denzil's, and concerted with her the management of an interview, which, if it happened too suddenly, might have, on spirits so tender as those of Gabrielle, the most fatal consequences.

It was late in the afternoon before they sat out ; and the man who drove them observing them to be foreigners, did not hurry the wretched pair of horses that drew them.—D'Alonville directed the coach to stop at an house of public entertainment, where he entreated his two

friends to await his return, and then, with a palpitating heart, sought the row of houses which Mrs. Denzil had described; he found it without much difficulty—and when he rang at the bell of the gate marked number 3, his agitation was so great, that he could hardly breathe—nobody seemed to hear—he rang a second time, and a maid servant appeared.

D'Alonville enquired for Mrs. Denzil, and was answered that she lodged there. "Is she at home?" asked he; the woman hesitated; she did not know—she believed not. "Will you be so good as to ask?" said D'Alonville; "I—I don't know, Sir," answered the woman—"Mrs. Denzil, if she is at home, is ill, I am sure she cannot see you;" "I am persuaded she *would*," replied he, "if she knew who it was.—Are none of the young ladies at home? Could not I be favoured with speaking to them?"

"To tell you the truth, then," said the maid, "I don't believe they can be seen; there's only one of the eldest Misses, and a little

little one, here, and all the family be in great trouble." "Oh! my God!" exclaimed D'Alonville, "they are in trouble!—tell me, pray tell me what is the matter?" "As to that," said the woman, sneeringly, "the matter is common enough; but howsoever, as you say you are a friend, and perhaps you may, as I see French folks about them for ever, you may send in your name; or if you'll come into Mistress's parlour, for she's gone out, I'll just step and tell some on um that you wants to speak to um." D'Alonville now comprehended that this woman was not Mrs. Denzil's servant, but belonged to the people of the house, he followed her through a long slip of a court into a parlour, where she left him, first carefully looking round that there was nothing he could take, and he remained in a state of miserable suspense, listening to the noises in the house; people seemed to go up and come down stairs—then all was silent; and he thought he heard some person come into the next room, who wept violently. The

parlour where he sat was nearly dark; there was a light in the next, and he observed that the door was not shut close; the sobs and sighs of the distressed woman who was in it redoubled, though she seemed endeavouring to stifle them; the compassion, as well as the anxiety of D'Alonville, was excited; perhaps it might be one of that family to which he was so tenderly attached; it might be even Angelina herself—he pushed the door gently open—the mourner rested her head on her hands on a little work table, and was so absorbed in grief, that she did not hear D'Alonville as he approached her; but the door in falling back made a slight noise, and lifting up her eyes to a glass that was between the windows, she saw the figure of a man behind her, and uttering a faint shriek, she started up and was flying out of the room, when D'Alonville took her hands, and trembling as much as she did, implored her not to be frightened.—“Have you, indeed, forgotten me, then, my adorable Angelina? Has D'Alonville

no

no longer the happiness of being reckoned among your friends?" Angelina sat down; she could neither speak nor shed a tear, but seemed in such a state of surprise and joy, as, added to her former distress, deprived her for a moment of reason and recollection.—Terrified to death, D'Alonville now implored her to speak to him; now ran to the door for assistance, and then attempted to ring the bell; but while he was thus frantically trying to relieve her, she laid her head again on her arm, and fetching a deep sigh, burst into tears; they seemed to have saved her heart from breaking.—She held out her hand, and, as he wildly threw himself on his knees, kissing and pressing it to his bosom, she faintly said, "Is it you, D'Alonville?—ah! my dear friend, I never thought to have seen you again." "For God's sake," said he, "tell me what has happened in your family, and why I see you in this distress?" Oh, D'Alonville! my mother! my dear mother, who loves you so tenderly!"—"What of her?" cried

D'Alonville, "cette tendre maman!"

"She is dreadfully ill, my friend," answered Angelina, "so ill, that I believe we shall soon lose her." "God forbid, my

Angelina," said he, "your fears, your anxious affections carry your imagination too far—what is her illness? For Heaven's sake, what advice has she had?" "Her

illness," interrupted Angelina, in a mournful voice, "her illness is, I greatly fear, incurable, for it is a broken heart; and for advice," continued she, her words uttered tremulously as she drew a deep sigh,

"for advice—do you not know our circumstances? Ah! my poor mamma!—she has concealed the disorder that preyed upon her, because she would not, in paying a physician, take from her children any part of what her writing has, from time to time, procured us; at length it became too powerful for her to resist it longer. She was indebted to her bookseller, who, as she was rendered unable to fulfil what she had undertaken, would supply her with money no longer; I entreated

treated of her to let me go to a medical man, who I knew she had an high opinion of, and with whom our family had formerly lived in great intimacy; he, I thought, would give her his advice as a friend, but she would not hear of it;” “No, my Angelina,” said she, “I do not love obligations, and besides, my love, I believe that in the present instance no medical assistance can do me any good.—If I grow better, I will go farther into the country; change of air I know will be of service to me; but I fear this cannot be done yet; for if our resources fail, where shall I find money to pay our lodgings, or to remove us? I must endeavour to apply to my work again.—Let me see you easy, my Angelina; perhaps I may be better in a day or two, and able to sit down again to my desk; in the meantime, do not let me find you depressed, my love.” She forced a melancholy smile, and added, “perhaps I shall think of some expedient to night, to fence a little longer against the spectre Poverty, which has now so long menaced us, that I begin to be

familiar with her, so that her frightful figure does not deprive me of my presence of mind." My mother," continued Angelina, "grew worse, and the apothecary who attended her, repeated what he had before told me, that unless her mind could be made easy, she would not live two months; for, that although she was yet but in middle age, her constitution, naturally very good, was quite broken down with fatigue of mind, by leading so sedentary a life as she had lately done to write for our subsistence, and by the constant anxiety she had so long undergone. Notwithstanding all this, (of which she was perfectly sensible herself), my mother, seeing no other resource for us than what she was able to find in constant application, continued to exert herself with more than usual fortitude and perseverance, and would have finished within a few days of the time she had engaged to deliver it, the book she was about: while she endeavoured, amidst her bodily sufferings and unceasing fatigue of mind, to ap-
pear

pear chearful, and to conceal from us the real situation of her health as well as her circumstances, because she could not bear to see us distressed at a time of life when we ought to be gay and happy; she made, too, every effort to hide the truth from Madame de Touranges, and Gabrielle, least they should refuse to share our dinner as they now frequently did.

“ Such was the power of these generous motives over the heart of my mother, that they appeared to counteract the effects of her illness, and she had nearly completed her task, when the bookseller who had advanced her money upon it, impatient at the delay that had occurred, came down hither, a week since, and, with the rudest threats demanded the completion of her engagement, declaring that he would prosecute her if it was not fulfilled by a day which he named.—The menaces of such a man were what my mother had been so little accustomed to, and the misery of being in his power appeared so insupportable, that her fortitude sunk un-

der it at once.—He left her, repeating his threats as he departed ; but before he quitted the house, he took an opportunity of telling the people who belonged to it, that they would do well not to trust their lodgers, for to his certain knowledge they would not be paid.

“ The precaution thus given, and from a man who was supposed to know, had an immediate effect on the behaviour of the people. The woman, whose manners are coarse and brutal, came the next day abruptly into my mother’s room, and demanded what was due for our lodgings, which amounted to about sixteen guineas ; my mother, who had not as much in the world that she could then command, assured her creditor that she would satisfy her in a very few days ; but the woman appearing to be very discontent, I entreated my mother to let me go to Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Shrimshine, the two persons who kept our property in their hands under pretence of being our trustees, in hopes of prevailing upon them to afford us,

us, at least as much assistance as should prevent our being turned into the street; my mother reluctantly consented, and with my little brother and sister, whose helpless ages might, I thought, have some effect on the callous hearts of these men, I set forth on this expedition, in which I expended in coach hire more than half the money we had in the house; I will tell you, when I am better able than I now am, what passed when I at length procured admission to these worthy guardians of orphans. I obtained nothing from them; and on my return I found, that during my absence the woman of the house had brought in a lawyer's clerk, and a sheriff's officer, and had taken an inventory of my mother's books, the musical instruments that belonged to my sister, and what little plate and linen we had, and had given my mother notice, that the ruffian to whom this inventory was given would remain in the house in order to take care that none of the effects were removed, till the money due to Mrs. Capern, the

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landlady,

landlady, was paid. Oh! Chevalier, represent to yourself what must be the effect of such a circumstance on my mother's spirits—she has changed for the worse every hour since it happened; I know we shall lose her," added Angelina, in an agony of sorrow; "we shall lose her; I perceive that she thinks so herself; and it was some conversation she has been holding with Madame de Touranges, while I stood unseen by her bed side, that obliged me to come down stairs to weep at liberty, and conceal from her the agony of my soul."

During this mournful narrative, D'Alonville was so divided between his love for the beautiful sufferer, his apprehensions for her mother, and indignation against her oppressors, that he no longer remembered that the world contained any other beings, and that De Touranges was waiting for his return in anxiety, as painfully acute, as what he himself had suffered; nor could he advert to the situation of his friend, till he had given Angelina

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an hasty detail of what had befallen him since he tore himself from her, and related briefly those extraordinary circumstances which had been the cause of his returning to England, more fortunate in regard to pecuniary circumstances, than when he left it. “Think, Angelina,” said he, “think what must be my transports, when I reflect that these events give me an opportunity of shewing my gratitude as well as my affection—Gratitude to your dear mother, who, when I was a stranger and a wanderer, received me into her house, and granted me her confidence; and affection for *you*, my Angelina, whose lovely image, amidst the strange scenes I have passed through, was at once my torment and my delight; for if for a moment I indulged my imagination with dwelling on your perfections, and thought you honoured me with your affection; if my fond fancy wandered awhile in the delightful regions of hope, I was awakened from the delicious visions by the immediate pressures of the evils around me;
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and when I reflected how very improbable it was that I should ever return to England, and, if I did, how little pretensions I could have to claim the happiness I once dared to aspire to ; how many more fortunate men, who were of your own country, and could offer you the affluence you have a right to, would probably surround you ; my heart sunk in despondence, and I blamed myself for having, perhaps, injured your peace, by awakening in your bosom solicitude for so unfortunate a being."

Angelina, while he thus spoke, could only weep. She was unable to express what her heart would have dictated—but it became time to think of informing Mrs. Denzil of D'Alonville's arrival—an event so unexpected, and which she knew would give her mother so much satisfaction.

D'Alonville now thought of his friends. Gabrielle, however, was not in the house ; she had been there the greater part of the day with Madame de Touranges, supporting
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ing the failing spirits of Angelina, but she had now been gone some time to attend on her little boy.

Angelina still trembled; and the traces of tears were upon her cheeks; but as there was no other persons who could be trusted with the commission it was now necessary to execute, she endeavoured to collect all her presence of mind. It was indeed only of agreeable tidings she was to speak; and Mrs. Denzil, long accustomed to sorrow, received the intelligence of D'Alonville's being in the house with a degree of delight long unfelt, and which acted like balm to her wounded heart.

Madame de Touranges flew down to him. He briefly related all he knew; for on her strong mind he did not fear the effects of too sudden joy. While they were yet in the first earnestness of discourse so interesting to both, a loud ring was heard at the gate.—It was De Touranges, attended by St. Remi, who could no longer restrain his impatience, or prevent his setting out in search of Mrs. Denzil's

Denzil's lodgings, which he had with great difficulty found.

This unexpected meeting between a mother and a son, who, since their last parting had seen such vicissitudes of fortune; who had so often deplored that they should meet no more, could not be otherwise than very affecting. Angelina left them together, and at her mother's request accompanied D'Alonville to the room where illness had now for some days confined her. A ray of satisfaction animated those eyes from which their native spirit had long been flown. D'Alonville threw himself on his knees by her bed side—"My dear young friend," said she, giving him her hand, "I was afraid that, frightened away for ever, any thing like pleasure would return to me no more; but for once destiny seems to relax of its severity—You see me quite an invalid, Chevalier—and changed in circumstances as well as health.—There," added she, pointing to Angelina, "has been my support; without her I know not how I should

should have endured the complicated misery to which I have been exposed."

Mrs. Denzil stopped as if exhausted; and D'Alonville took that opportunity to give her, in the most animated terms, assurances of his passionate attachment to her daughter; and the undiminished gratitude with which he recollected the former kindness and partiality she had shewn him. He briefly related what had happened in regard to his brother; and reserved a more minute detail of the circumstances of his perilous journey through France, till they were all more calm. While he was thus restored to what might have been called happiness, had it not been of too tumultuous a nature; while he enjoyed the exquisite delight of seeing in the soft, yet speaking countenance of Angelina, that the joy his return gave to her mother, rendered him more dear to her than ever; and while he ventured to propose that union of their future destinies on which his existence depended, De Touranges was restored
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to the mother, wife, and child, whom he had so much regretted as lost. D'Alonville and St. Remi returned to London at a late hour, and the former lost not a moment in endeavouring, with the assistance of a lawyer, of whom Ellesmere had some knowledge, to remove the cause of Mrs. Denzil's present uneasiness;—but with anguish of mind, Angelina bade him remark that her mother every day became more languid;—a transient and temporary relief was given her; she no longer saw herself surrounded by the terrific satellites of the law; and she hoped that her Angelina would find a protection, in a man of whose heart she had the highest opinion, and whose manners were particularly pleasing to her,—but the mortifications she had suffered; the difficulties with which she had so long contended, had shaken her frame severely; and the anxiety that still remained for a family unprovided for, (two of whom were yet very young), together with the chicanery of the man in whose power their whole

whole property was placed, kept her mind in such continual perturbation, that there appeared very little hope of her being restored to health;—yet she exerted all her fortitude to resist the effects of that pain, which arose alike from recollection of the past, and dread of the future, and that weariness and disgust, which inevitably overwhelm the spirits of one who, through a long course of time, has experienced unmerited adversity. Ten years had passed since Mrs. Denzil, with a mind too keenly susceptible, had undergone its severest persecution;—already acutely sensible of all its inconveniencies, she saw it rapidly approaching her children in despite of all her endeavours to save them, while they were yet in infancy and early youth; she could do more to remedy the injustice of fortune, than now, when at those ages when young persons should be introduced to the world in which they are to make their future way, they looked up to her for light,—and she saw only heavier clouds gathering around them

them and darkening every future prospect of their lives.

In proportion as she proceeded in this rugged path, the way became more difficult—many of her friends who had occasionally relieved her from the thorns and flints with which her path was strewn, became tired by the length and dreariness of the journey, and fell off one by one,—some yet persevered, and scattered a transient flower in her path, but even among these, she fancied that weariness and reluctance were too visible; yet while her support became more doubtful, her difficulties encreased.

The persons who had undertaken to protect her children as their trustees, had been so far from executing their charge, that they had plunged them in tenfold difficulties. If they did not participate, they connived at the unblushing plunder yearly committed on the property of these children, and were deaf alike to pity and to justice.—If Mrs. Denzil remained passive, they seemed to believe they might con-

continue in the same career of injustice and neglect;—if she intreated, they answered her with cold contempt—if she remonstrated, with anger and resentment.

One of them proposed various means of settling the affairs; the other counteracted these designs. One insisted on throwing them into chancery; the other protested against it. One recommended arbitration; the other could not agree as to the arbitrators; and the only thing in which they concurred, seemed to be in the design of depriving her family of their subsistence from year to year, and embittering her life by the pressure of actual indigence, and the more alarming apprehensions of that which was to come.

Thus harassed by pecuniary difficulties, driven about the world without any certain home, she experienced, from day to day, the truth of the adage, “That the ruin of the poor, is their poverty;” for she was thus made liable to much greater expences, than would have happened in a settled

settled establishment ; perplexed by creditors, and sickening from the sad conviction that her power of supporting her family by her literary exertions must every year decline, while her friends became more and more weary of her long continued sorrows ; the health and fortitude of Mrs. Denzil, such together—To one born to affluence, and long accustomed to its conveniencies, it is hard to contend at once with sickness and indigence ; yet the bitterest ingredients of the cup she was thus compelled to drink, were the cruel reflections that were ever present to her mind on the future fate of her children, when her own troubles should be at an end.

“ If, while I live,” said she, “ they are thus exposed to injustice, what will become of them, when these feeble hands can no longer find for them their daily support ; when they shall be left to the scorn and neglect of the world, confounded among those outcasts of fortune, who are compelled to appeal to its reluctant and casual bounty !”

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This idea perpetually present, empoisoned every moment of Mrs. Denzil's existence. Medicine, could she have afforded to have called in its aid, has no power to heal the wounds of a broken heart; and a very short time would probably have terminated her painful existence, if the arrival of D'Alonville had not arrested a while the heavy hand of disease.—The fears of Angelina, however, still remained in all their force. She fancied that her mother became worse from day to day, and neither the presence, or the consoling attentions of her lover could appease her apprehensions. She had probably learned from observation to agree in opinion with Gray, who observes, "that a man can never have but one mother as long as he lives."

C H A P. VI.

"Wants of their own demand their care." How few

"Feel their own wants and succour others too."

CRABBE.

EVERY place where the oppressed heart has received an additional load of sorrow, becomes hateful to the unhappy sufferer: and change of situation seems for a while to afford relief. Mrs. Denzil was now eager to quit her lodgings at Wandsworth, and to go farther into the country; but the season of the year, as it was mid winter, was unfavourable to her removal; and while she positively refused any assistance from D'Alonville, she felt how impossible it was to remove such a family, unless she could procure justice from those of whom she had a right to demand it.— Nor could she resolve to abandon her unfortunate French friends; for though the arrival of De Touranges had relieved his mother and his wife from the most severe
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and insupportable of their sorrows, Mrs. Denzil understood that he had exhausted all his pecuniary resources, and that their situation was rendered more distressing, rather than relieved by his arrival; for it was probable, that even indigence itself would fail of subduing the high and imperious spirit of the Marquis, who, accustomed from his earliest infancy to every luxury and indulgence that illustrious birth and high affluence gave him a right to enjoy, had not yet learned, nor seemed ever likely to learn, the hard lesson of humbling his spirit to his fortune; nor could he think, without feeling all the torments of mortified pride, that his mother and wife were reduced in a foreign country to avail themselves of talents acquired as matters of amusement or pleasure, to procure a subsistence for themselves and for his child, the sole remaining branch of a family so noble, and heir to a fortune which was equal to that of the proudest British peer, whose bounty or caprice might contribute to their existence.

These reflections empoisoned the happiness De Touranges ought to have enjoyed from being restored so unexpectedly to his family; and the prejudice he had from his earliest days imbibed against the English nation, had rather acquired force by the cruel necessity he was under of being obliged to it.

But Mrs. Denzil, herself a veteran in calamity, and who had gone through, and not without many severe struggles, the hard task of learning to submit to adversity, and all its train of humiliation, was only impressed with a deeper sense of compassion for the unfortunate family of De Touranges, and grew more solicitous to serve and assist them, though her power to do so became every day less.

The generous attention shewn them by D'Alonville, greatly raised him in her esteem—from *his* hands De Touranges did not scruple to receive assistance, while the Abbé de St. Remi, divided between his admiration of D'Alonville's generosity, and his fears that it might incommode himself,

self, would accept of nothing, but went to reside in the most æconomical manner, with two other Catholic priests, who inhabited a very small lodging in the neighbourhood of Hampsted.

D'Alonville, young as he was, and unaccustomed to the affairs of the world, was neither thoughtless or improvident.—As the object on which the whole happiness of his life depended, was his union with Angelina Denzil, he determined to observe as to himself the strictest æconomy, that he might neither lose sight of that object, or deny himself the gratification of assisting his unfortunate countrymen, who, in escaping from death, had not reserved the means of life.—Soon after his arrival in London, Ellesmere had accompanied Sir Maynard to Eddisbury, very much against his own inclination, who not only regretted this separation from D'Alonville, but could ill submit to relinquish the company of Alexina and Carlowitz; his passion for the former had daily augmented since his return to England, and though he had the dissatis-

faction of finding that the views of his father were entirely opposite to his wishes, his resolution to unite his fate with that of Alexina, acquired strength every day. He could not, however, refuse to go to Eddisbury, where his mother and his eldest sister received him with as much affection as they were capable of feeling, and where Sir Maynard seemed by demonstrations of present affection to endeavour to obliterate the remembrance of the little regard he had formerly shewn him.

But however disappointed in his views of aggrandizing his family Sir Maynard had been, the same project still occupied his mind—they were indeed become in some measure more necessary than ever, if the splendour of his family was to suffer no diminution; for the jointures of Lady Ellesmere and Lady Sophia, together with the five daughters of the latter, who were to be provided for out of the family estate, could not fail to render a rich alliance necessary in the eyes of even a prudent father, and Sir Maynard was more than prudent, he was ambitious.

Discourse

Discourse therefore on this topic was what he took every opportunity of entering upon with Mr. Ellesmere, who heard him with respect, but without any marks of acquiescence.—Ellesmere indeed could not bear to put an end too abruptly to the visions with which his father seemed to amuse the languor of disappointment, and the depression of pain and sickness, which had of late so frequently attacked him, that it seemed very probable a few months forbearance might save Ellesmere from the painful necessity of counteracting the wishes of his father, by giving him a daughter in law to whom he would have such objections, as her being a native of another country and entirely destitute of fortune.

But whatever prudence and duty might dictate, was strongly opposed by inclination, and by the fear of losing Alexina, who was not of a disposition to await the reluctant and haughty acquiescence of her lover's family. This apprehension, added to the teizing solicitude of Sir Maynard,

the wearisome insipidity of Lady Ellesmere, and the extreme dislike he had to the ostentatious parade at Darnly Park, where his family were frequently making visits, were altogether so uneasy to Ellesmere, that far from regaining health at Edisbury, he became languid and emaciated, and Sir Maynard, without at all guessing at the cause, saw with extreme inquietude his health daily decline.

He had been near three weeks at Edisbury, thus doing penance, when he received from D'Alonville, a letter, of which this is the translation :

“Accustomed as I am to confide to you every thought of my heart, and to rely on your advice as my best guide, I shall make no apology, my dear Ellesmere, for now troubling you with a long letter. I need not give you a detail either of my present circumstances, or my past sentiments; you are perfectly acquainted with both; but I rely much on your opinion as to my future conduct.

The sum of money which I possess in
consequence

consequence of the death of my unfortunate brother, is something more, you know, than four thousand five hundred pounds sterling, after deducting from it the sum I have had occasion for since my arrival in England. This, in the advantageous manner in which you have placed it, will produce for me annually about two hundred and twenty pounds a year; a sum which would be adequate to all my wants and wishes, did I consider only myself; but as life is not worth having if I cannot pass it with Angelina, I wish so to encrease this little income as to be enabled to afford her at least the decencies of life.

The property that belongs to her family is, as far as I can understand, so entangled, so embarrassed, that I believe little is to be expected from it; and if we wait till the persons who have possession of it give it up, or till it is taken out of their hands by the tedious process of English law, we may waste the best of our days in vain and fruitless expectation.—This is a sacrifice that I am neither disposed to make myself,

or to ask of Angelina.—Youth is too rapidly passed to suffer any of its years to be lost in waiting till lawyers grow honest. It is better to attempt myself to remedy the narrowness of our fortune. However, I merely communicate to you, my dear Ellesmere, my thoughts on this subject, without meaning to adopt any plan till it has had your approbation.

Yesterday I hired an horse to go down to Wandsworth, and in passing along near the gate at Hyde Park, a lady in a coach suddenly stopped it, and called to me by my name.—I approached, and immediately recollected Miss Milfington, who did me the honor to express her pleasure at meeting me, and said many obliging things—which I know not how I have deserved.—She enquired (with more zeal, I think, than delicacy, as there were two ladies with her) into my present situation—and as I could not then enter into any account of it, she seems to believe I am returned to England in circumstances as destitute and unfortunate as the greater part of my countrymen.

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I consequently owe her great obligations, for being so unlike the generality of the world, as to appear desirous of cultivating my acquaintance. She insisted upon my visiting her, and gave me a card—I have therefore been to the house of a Lord Aberdore, with whom she is at present a visitor—and I am just returned from paying my respects to her.—I did not think it necessary to relate to her the little history of my adventures since I left England; and she remains in the belief, that I am under the necessity of seeking some means of subsistence.—I shall of course undeceive her; but the obliging interest she takes in my destiny, has already produced the letter I enclose, in which I equally admire the spontaneous kindness of the lady, and the correctness with which she writes a foreign language.

I cannot tell you, my dear friend, that I should commence with pleasure the career Miss Milington proposes for me, but I think I could execute the task it assigns to me with integrity.—Urged by the motives

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I have mentioned to you, I can conquer my pride and obey the voice of prudence, which says—

“ Oblien une gloire importune

“ Ce triste abaiffement, convient a ta fortune.”

I wait only for your opinion to give my answer.—Let me add, though it is a subject I touch upon with pain, that my unfortunate friend, De Touranges and his family, excite my compassion, and I cannot determine to abandon them, if I can alleviate calamities they share in common with us all; for he is disqualified by habit, by temper, and by prejudice, from making any of those exertions, that may soften, to those who belong to him, the miseries of poverty and exile; and towards whom can they look for this alleviation, but towards those of their own country, who have been by accident more fortunate?—Your nation has already done more than any other could, or would have done, to succour the unfortunate exiles who have taken shelter among them.—Such as can provide for themselves, should surely not hesitate in doing so; and those

those who have it in their power, should assist others who have been entirely deprived of the means of existence. It seems to me that we owe this to ourselves, as well as to you.

I have seen Alexina for a moment this morning—Carlowitz seems impatient to return to Poland, though he is dissuaded from it by such of his friends here, as have more prudence than patriotism.—Alexina, to whom I took occasion to mention you, spoke of you as she always does, with affection and esteem; but I thought I observed to day more tenderness than usual in her voice and manner, while we talked of our beloved friend at Eddisbury.—Oh! Ellesmere, how I envy you the power of uniting your destiny with that of the woman you love; of raising her in this country to the rank from which she has fallen in her own; while I, degraded myself, must descend yet a step lower to enable me to provide in humble life for an object at whose feet the riches of empires should be lavished.

Write to me, dear Ellesmere, by an early post,

post, and think with your usual kindness of your devoted friend,

LE CHEVALIER D'ALONVILLE."

The letter enclosed from Miss Milington was to the following purport—

"The interest, Sir, that every one who knows you must take in your welfare, must be my excuse for intruding on you with offers of service. Allow me to say, that should I be fortunate enough to be of any service to one for whom I have so high an esteem, I shall consider it as a circumstance singularly fortunate for me.

The cruel events that have desolated France, and driven her most illustrious families to exile, must sensibly affect every person bien nés—I have most exquisitely participated the general concern, but alas! I can do little more than bear my part in a universal sentiment. I really wish, Sir, to continue this exordium longer, merely because I feel how difficult it is to arrive with delicacy and propriety at the point I have in view.

Suffer me to make a slight sketch of the family

family I am now with, the better to explain my meaning :

The earl of Aberdore, whose present lady is a relation of my late father's, General Milfington, has by a first wife three sons and two daughters.—These young people are from sixteen to seven years of age. My relation, the present Lady Aberdore, is a very young woman, and beautiful as the fabled Houri—of course fond of admiration, and the gaieties of a court, where from her rank and loveliness she is much noticed. With the best dispositions in the world, it is not in *her* power to attend to the education of her husband's children. The young ladies are growing up; the eldest is near twelve years old; the boys are two of them older; they have all been educated hitherto at the town or country houses where Lord A. has happened to reside, under the care of tutors, governesses, and masters; but some objections have lately arisen to their residing in London, where they are unavoidably introduced into some degree of dissipation inimical
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to their studies; and Lord A. has determined that they shall reside altogether at one of his distant seats—the young men under the care of a gentleman from Oxford, newly recommended to him in place of their late tutor, (to whom his lordship has given a considerable living); the ladies, Tryphena and Louisa, attended by their French and English governesses: but as this plan of necessity excludes them from the advantages of having masters in many branches of education, which the metropolis alone possesses, Lord Aberdore has been prevailed upon to think of engaging some foreigner of merit and talents, who may be qualified to supply this deficiency, and instruct Lord Aunevalle, and his brothers, in the French and Italian languages; in fencing, drawing, and tactics; who has some knowledge of music, and has an elegant taste for poetry and the fine arts.—I have named you, Sir, as a gentleman, in whom this assemblage of accomplishments is united with infinite suavity of manners, and an excellent disposition. Lord
Aberdore

Aberdore does me the honour to attend to my opinion—I have assured him that your birth is illustrious, and your English connections highly respectable, and his lordship seems perfectly convinced of the propriety of my recommendation. It only remains for me to ask, Sir, whether you shall judge such a situation eligible during your enforced stay in England; I need hardly add that the conditions with which it will be attended, though they cannot be equal to your merit, are such as will be accompanied with no descent from the real dignity which you have a right to maintain. In expectation of your early answer, and of your pardon, if I have taken too great a liberty, I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient

And very humble Servant,

JAMIMA MILSINGTON."

In the due course of the post from Eddisbury Hall, D'Alonville received from Ellesmere the following answer :

" You

“ You are an enviable and fortunate fellow, D’Alonville :—What ! to have the most accomplished woman in England—the fair, the amiable Jamima Milfington interest herself in your destiny, and place you in the family of her relation, *more beautiful than fabled Houri!* to superintend the education of two young graces, “ who are *growing up,*” and who, I apprehend, approach too nearly in appearance and charms to this rival of Mahomet’s nymphs to be suffered to remain longer near their *Belle Mere*, amid “ the dissipations of London.”—Really the prudent Jamima has chosen an admirable Mentor for this hopeful family ; but trifling apart, for, alas ! I trifle not from *gaieté de cœur* ; I entirely acquiesce in all the observations you make in your letter ; they are worthy of your heart and understanding ; yet, believe me, D’Alonville, was I independent, had I an house and a fortune, my friend should not seek in any other family, that home which it would be my pride and delight to offer him.

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In regard to your accepting the situation proposed to you by Miss Milfington, you must yourself judge how far it may be such as agrees with your habits and inclination; if you marry Angelina immediately, and I am epicurean enough to advise you to do so, can you determine to quit her? If you can, I am quite disposed to believe, my dear Chevalier, that your tenderness for her, your natural retêue, that sobriety of character which has often made me say you resemble us cold phlegmatic Englishmen, will together be a sufficient defence against the dangers of such a situation as Miss Milfington has recommended to you.—To a less attached or less sedate man of one and twenty, I own I should think it somewhat hazardous; or rather I should accuse of extreme imprudence, the father who should introduce into his family, the Chevalier D'Alonville; had the Chevalier D'Alonville less discretion, or less love for another object, Abelard and St. Preux, would be names that would continually recur to me.

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La Belle Mere, too ! I have not time to give you a sketch of her character ; but her person, though the Houri's is not in so much danger of being but *second best*, as the energetic Jamima seems to apprehend, her person is certainly beautiful, according to the common acceptation of the word ; and, to what nature has done for her, she fails not to add every embellishment of art. In a more easy temper of mind I could give you a little history of this family, that would serve, perhaps, as a *cart du pais*, but I will postpone doing so till I see you, for my heart is too heavy to allow me to do the drawing justice ; it does not grow lighter when I reflect on the lengthening penance I am condemned to here, where I know you will not come ; but I find I cannot quit Eddisbury, unless I could prevail upon myself to become indifferent to the uneasiness I should inflict on Sir Maynard, who cannot hear the remotest hint of my leaving him, even for a few days, and seems now so solicitous for my health, that I am even distressed
by

by his kindness ; this I could bear, wearisome as it is, if I was not compelled to listen to plans in which I never can engage, and often punished by the long visits to Darnly, in which I am expected to accompany the family. Poor Theodora puts me in mind of Leonora in the Padlock : “ *Fine feathers make fine birds ; but I am sure they don’t make happy ones.* ” I frequently see her amidst all the splendours that surround her, endeavouring to be really as happy as people tell her she *is* ; but though she is not a young woman who has been accustomed to think much, or to make companions who can shew her the difference between real and imaginary good, I can plainly perceive that her heart refuses to acquiesce in the assertion, that she is “ *A most fortunate woman ;* ” and I dread least her youth and simplicity should expose her to the too successful designs of the sort of people who are continually collected round her, and who seem necessary to assure Mr. Darnly that *he too* is happy. This man can never live a moment

ment alone; and as there is nothing attractive about him but his money, and the luxuries his house affords, you may imagine what is the description of people who are assembled there—captains of India-men retired; men who have dealings or connections with the company, and are something between gentlemen and chapmen, attempting, however, to be entirely the former without success;—others who have acquired to aspire to rank, in a country where money does every thing, but who, being originally of mean extraction, and having acquired their fortunes by the basest means, add to the gross manners of the vulgar the insolent presumption of the prosperous, and unite the vices of both.

None of these, perhaps, are very dangerous inmates, though they flatter Theodora till she believes herself a little goddess; but there are another set of people often about her, who are, in my opinion, more the subjects of alarm.—These are idle young men of fashion, who frequent
Darnly's

Darnly's house, because "*it is a monstrous good lounge, and because he gives devilish good dinners.*" There are seldom less than two or three of these honest gentlemen, who condescend to pass, with their horses and servants, a fortnight or a week together at Darnly, and in Hanover-square they are, I understand, more constant visitors. As these rank among the pretty men of the day, of whom every body talks, and whose amours and intrigues are the usual theme of the women, I expect nothing less than that some of them, and particularly one who is more assiduous than the rest, will think it *a monstrous good joke*, to steal from "the little Nabob," the person of his wife, who certainly is young enough to be his daughter, and who, I think, must make comparisons between these "adorables," and her "dinging dear," not much to the advantage of the latter.

Perhaps these suspicions, should they be realized, are not such as ought to add, in the world we live in, one thorn to those
that

that render uneasy the pillow of your friend.

But do you *really* think me a man to be envied, D'Alonville, because I am at liberty to marry the woman I love? Ah! my dear Chevalier, your premises are false, and of course your conclusion; I cannot marry the woman I love, unless I would hazard for the rest of my life hearing from my own heart the secret reproaches of having accelerated my father's death, a reproach that would be heard even in the very bosom of happiness, and embitter those hours which ought to be so delicious; for I adore Alexina; every other woman I see serves only as a foil to her; and though I fear—yes, my friend, I greatly fear that her regard for me is not strong enough to induce her to sacrifice to my circumstances that proper pride which, inimical as it is to my happiness, I do not consider as the least of her perfections, yet I shall adore her to the last hour of my life, and certainly I shall never marry any other woman.—

Speak

Speak to her, D'Alonville ; prevail upon her for a few months only to lay aside her intentions of returning to Poland—tell her, who is herself so good, so affectionate a daughter, that I will fly to renew what surely she cannot doubt, vows of everlasting attachment, the moment I can leave a father who places the only remaining happiness of his life in my remaining with him ; I know he is a little unreasonable in the sacrifices he asks ; but after all, he is my father ; and were I capable of forgetting what I owe him, I think I should be unworthy of aspiring to the affections of Alexina.

An hundred minor miseries, which are not worth complaining of, yet are teasing enough, contribute to make me long to quit Eddisbury ; besides my detestation of Darnly, and his set of friends ; my mother collects such an assortment of twaddlers about her, that I am wearied to death—some of these good women ask me an account of “ my battles”—“ Lord, Mr. Edward,

Edward, *do* tell us how it was and so you got wounded?—Well, 'tis a mercy 'twas no worse;" and then the Misses declare "it must be a very terrible fight to be sure;" and some, I fancy, very sincerely deplore that so many *smart officers* are killed, when there is such a scarcity of husbands; yet there are such pretty fights at camps in summer, and recruiting parties, and even militia *do so* enliven their towns in the winter, that the dear creatures cannot but acknowledge that "war time has something very animating in it." Two or three gentle nymphs of this neighbourhood, who, while "Mr. Edward" was a younger brother, liked well enough to dance with him at the public meetings, because he belonged to the *genteel set*; now make much more decided attempts to be noticed by him, for "Mr. Edward" is heir to a title—but they may spare themselves their flattering solicitudes—and to do my mother justice, she takes every possible precaution to secure from any fatal

fatal partiality to her son, the hearts of Miss Grimes and Miss Pawson, two fair and sentimental damsels from a neighbouring provincial town, who are very much at Eddisbury, by telling them that it is absolutely necessary for Edward to marry a woman of large fortune. Miss Grimes reads novels, and is very much distressed at not having yet found in real life a hero who answers to "her ideas." Miss Pawson has a stronger mind, and "cannot read love stories;" *she* likes the debates of the House, a smart political pamphlet, or a polemical quarrel between two learned divines, of which she understands not a word; but being tolerably certain of not meeting any body in the circle she lives in, who understands more, she ventures to speak upon these abstruse subjects, if she can procure an hearer, and is reckoned "a young woman of very great understanding."

Such are the people with whom I am condemned to waste hours that ought to be dedicated to love and friendship—to

Alexina and D'Alonville! Ah! my friend, when shall I be at liberty, without any breach of duty, to assure you personally of that affection with which I ever shall be,

Truly your's,

EDWARD ELLESMERE?"

C H A P. VII.

Pomm' in umil fortuna, od in superba ;
 Al dolce ære sereno, al fosco e grave:
 Pommi alla notte ; al di lungo, ed al breve ;
 Alla matura etate, od all' acerba :

* * * * *
 * * * * *
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 * * * * *

Pommi con fama oscura, e con illustre :
 Sarò qual fui : vivrò com' io son visso
 Continuando il' mio sospir triluistre.

PETRARCH.

IN consequence of Ellesmere's approbation of his intentions, and of other circumstances that served to strengthen his resolution, D'Alonville proposed to Mrs. Denzil a plan, on her consent to which he declared the future happiness of his life depended.—This was, that Angelina should immediately be his ; that without naming their marriage to Lord Aberdore, to whom it would probably be no additional recommendation that he was allied to a family to which he himself

H 2

once

once acknowledged some relationship, he should accept the situation offered him, and endeavour, by the advantages that might accrue from it, to encrease his little income so as to support his wife, who, with her mother, her younger brothers and sisters, should take an house as near as could be conveniently found to that seat of Lord Aberdore's, where his son, Lord Aurevalle, and the other branches of his family were to be entrusted to their tutors. This, as it was now understood, was not the house in Staffordshire, but another much larger, and upon the most capital estate possessed by the Aberdore family; and from a decayed town near it they took their title.—It was partly in Merionethshire, in a country eminently romantic and beautiful, but at such a distance from London, that the present Lady Aberdore disliked residing there for any length of time, and was not always prevailed upon to accompany Lord Aberdore in his annual visit, which he usually paid his Welsh estate at or soon after

after Christmas; and she had now prevailed on her Lord to give it up to his children, alledging that it was the most capacious and most healthy of his seats; but as in consequence of this new arrangement he would have no occasion for so large an house as that in Staffordshire, she hinted, in no very equivocal terms, how prudent it would be to let that, and to confine their country excursions to their annual visit to Rock-March, (the name of the seat in Wales) and to their occasional residence at Barton Grove, a villa he had purchased since his second marriage, in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court.—To these arrangements also Lord Aberdore agreed, with that ready submission which should mark the conduct of all peaceably-disposed husbands in regard to reasonable proposals from pretty and lively wives, twenty years younger than themselves. Had the family of which D'Alonville was to become a temporary member, remained in Staffordshire, there might have been many objections to the scheme for

which he so earnestly pleaded, that did not now arise; the family of Mrs. Denzil were known there, and she could not suppose that her return to a neighbourhood where she had before resided, or the motives for her return could long remain undiscovered.—This might have destroyed at once the flattering visions in which D'Alonville had indulged himself, and involve them all in discussions which she desired particularly to avoid; but languishing, as she did, to quit scenes in and near London, where she had undergone so many years of fruitless anxiety, and hopeless misery, she felt more satisfaction than she had long been sensible of, in the idea of hiding herself in a distant province of Wales, and trying, amidst its wild and romantic scenes, to find again a relish for those rude beauties of unadulterated nature, which used in happier days to flatter her imagination and soothe her heart.

Too well convinced, however, that for *her* happiness was no where to be found,
she

she would not have indulged herself in the visionary pursuit of even such transient gratification as the more wild and sublime landscapes of another part of Britain could offer her, *nor* would the advantage her health might gain by change of air and place, or any other consideration that related to herself only, have had the smallest influence on her resolution; but in giving her beloved child to D'Alonville, she saw a prospect of happiness for that child, which she thought no affluence or rank could give her with a man to whom she was less attached. Mrs. Denzil had learned by sad experience, that in a marriage made by parents on mercenary considerations only, *their* scheme of felicity may often be wholly defeated, and that then, only the bitterness of disappointed ambition remains; but that in a union where love alone determines, every trapping of fortune may be wanting, and yet, that the purest felicity may be found that in this state of being can be tasted on earth.

This conviction ; D'Alonville's merit, which every hour appeared more evident ; and Angelina's unalterable affection for him ; the certainty there now was that his little property would afford her the necessaries of life, and the persuasion Mrs. Denzil was in, that those who with the most officious vehemence declaimed against such an alliance, could offer no objection which unprejudiced reason would listen to, determined her to agree to their immediate marriage, and to remain in London with her daughter for some weeks afterwards, while D'Alonville should accompany his pupils to Rock-March, and look around it for such an habitation as would conveniently receive Mrs. Denzil and her family, together with De Touranges, his wife, mother, and child ; for she heartily concurred with him in his generous resolution not to abandon these unfortunate friends. Language cannot do justice to the transports with which D'Alonville, who had been too tremblingly anxious to speak to Mrs. Denzil, received the answer she

she gave to the letter he had written detailing this scheme.—He flew down to Wandsworth, where she yet remained (though in another lodging,) and with the timid acquiescence of Angelina, every preliminary was that evening settled.

In two days afterwards, Mrs. Denzil and her family removed to London; the preparations, as to cloths, were soon made, for the simplest only were necessary; but there arose difficulties as to procuring a licence, (for Angelina was a minor, and had a father living in a foreign country,) which almost distracted D'Alonville, who had been informed by Miss Milfington that he would be expected at Rock-March in a very short time; his situation there, however, he determined to abandon, if its highest advantages were for a moment placed in opposition to his immediate marriage with Angelina; but fortunately some political engagements detained Lord Aberdore in London much longer than he expected, and prevented his attending his children into Wales, (a compliment he

thought he could not decently dispense with), much longer than he was aware of.

While D'Alonville was intoxicated with the delightful hope of being in a few days the husband of the woman he adored, and was ready to absolve his fate for all his former misfortunes, so far as they had affected only himself ; Miss Milington, not at all suspecting his real situation, was pleasing herself, in spite of her pride and her reason, with the flattering idea of having secured his gratitude — perhaps mingled with a more tender sentiment ; for who, suggested her vanity, who could be obliged to Jamima Milington, and not feel the sweetness of involuntary affection insensibly associating itself with the recollection of her goodness ? Who could contemplate her mind without loving her person ? From the first moment she had seen D'Alonville, she had been charmed with his person ; and a dreadful vacancy having lately happened in her heart, by the defection of a titled dangler whom her excessive vanity had made her believe intended to marry her,

her, she had some how or other suffered the image of the handsome young foreigner who had been introduced to her at Eddisbury, to usurp this enviable place, yet was hardly conscious she had done so, till she found she had talked as well as thought so much of D'Alonville, that Lady Aberdore at last told her of it—"My dear Milington," said she, as they were sitting alone in her dressing room, "you really bore one about that Frenchman—do you know, child, that if you were eighteen, I should recommend it to your good mother to look carefully after you."

"Gracious! Lady Aberdore," answered the lady, blushing, albeit unused to the blushing mood—"Gracious, what have I said?"

"Oh, nothing," replied the other, carelessly, "that is very unusual with women who are not extremely young, who of course are somewhat of veterans, and may talk of male beauty, I suppose, without so much impropriety; but for heaven's sake, my dear creature, restrain yourself a little before the lady Viponts! consider that

lady Tryphena is in her thirteenth year, and this Chevalier of your's is to be her tutor in French, and so forth, and really to hear so much of his beauty, and his charms, and his gallantry, may make a girl of that age fancy him a hero, and fall in love with him."

Extremely nettled at this speech, Miss Millington was preparing a very tart answer, when Lord Aberdore suddenly entered the room, to speak to his wife before he went to the levee. "Do you know, my Lord," said she, laughing, "I have been preaching prudence to Jamima, and bidding her not praise so immoderately this French tutor you have engaged for Rock-March, at least before any younger persons, for they may not be aware, you know, that it is our cousin's lively way, and may fancy, that a man praised by so good a judge must be something more than mortal—Pray tell me, my lord, for I have never seen him, is he such a very charming creature?"

"I looked to nothing, Lady Aberdore," answered

answered he, coldly, "but his capacity of instructing my family in certain branches of their education: that I apprehend he possesses from Miss Milington's report, and in my opinion all other enquiry is improper and superfluous."

The noble peer then turned to Miss Milington, who had requested him to let his coach set her down at St. James's, when he went thither, and asking if she was ready, they went away together.—The lady, swelling with resentment, which it was, however, necessary she should stifle; for the conveniencies of Lady Aberdore's houses and carriages were not to be given up, though the occasional advantages they afforded her were purchased by mean submission to the insulting caprices of her young, beautiful, and fortunate relation. The truth was, Lady Aberdore, though she found Miss Milington useful as a companion, who would accompany her to public places when no other person would go with her, and sit with her, or read to her when she was whimsical or sick, yet did
not

not love, and was glad to mortify her: this arose partly from having been bid, when a girl, to look up to her cousin as capable of instructing her in music and other acquirements; partly from her envy at those acquirements of which she possessed no share of herself, and partly from natural malignity. This last instance of invidious remark, though it was not made without reason, sunk deep into the mind of Miss Milington, and was not easily forgotten. But as she was to be of the party, who now towards the end of January were to go down to settle the new arrangements at Rock-March, she determined to be more guarded in speaking of D'Alonville; to resolve on thinking of him less, was not so much in her power.

The magnificence that reigned in the family she was now with, was far from bestowing happiness, or even content on the members of it. Lord Aberdore was one of those ambitious men who, without talents, aspire to the first places of power and patronage; and who, scrupling not to
acquire

acquire that power by *any* means, are as meanly humble to their superiors, as insolent and overbearing towards whoever they consider as their inferiors. His character was a common one, and had little to distinguish it from numberless others in public life. In domestic life he was now governed by his wife, to whom he was said to have shewn too much attachment, long before there was a probability of his having it in his power to raise her to the rank she now enjoyed. He considered his children no otherwise, than as beings who were to perpetuate or aggrandize his family; but that the boys might be qualified to shine in political life, and the girls accomplished enough to aspire to the most illustrious alliances, he spared nothing that could contribute to complete their education, and was persuaded to believe, that this could be carried on better in the arrangement made at Roch-March, than it could be in London. Cold and stately towards his children, they had little pleasure in his company; and the young men
were

were not sorry to enjoy that degree of liberty at a distance, on which his presence always seemed a restraint—while ladies Tryphena and Louisa, who had been taught by the old servants about them to detest their mother-in-law, were very glad to have a sort of an establishment of their own at a distance from her; though they were old enough to understand the motives that made Lady Aberdore desire their absence, and failed not to say they did, to every one they were allowed to see; some of whom repeated their remarks, which served only to determine her to hasten their departure; though as her lord intended to accompany them, she was compelled to sacrifice three weeks or a month of time which she thought it would have been much pleasanter to have passed in London.

While the enjoyments of wealth and affluence were thus embittered by the passions of jealousy and malignity, the humble lodging of Mrs. Denzil afforded a scene of at least transient happiness; and she

she had a heart that could delight in the felicity of others: yet to a mother, the giving away for ever a beloved child, is a period of excessive anxiety; it was particularly so to her, who had consented to the marriage of Angelina contrary to the general opinion of those *few* friends, who thought it worth while to give any opinion at all on the disposal of a young woman without fortune.—Experience of the futility of those plans and projects that parents usually form for the happiness of their children without consulting them; experience of the vanity of mere riches, “which make themselves wings and fly away”—and experience of the mercenary and fluctuating temper of a world, that bows the knee only to success, and that would worship idiotism or deformity, if it were raised on the wheel of fortune; had taught her to adopt for the remainder of her life, (of which much more than half had been passed as the miserable victim of the selfish policy of others,) the opinion of Voltaire, when he says,

Nous ne vivons que deux momens
Qu'il en soit un, pour le bonheur.

The longer she was acquainted with D'Alonville, the more time she had given herself to study his temper and disposition, the more firmly she believed, that the day which made Angelina his, ought to be for her a day of joy.—To D'Alonville it seemed as if destiny, determined to teach him every extreme of misery and felicity, had now raised him to happiness beyond the lot of humanity.—He had the unexpected satisfaction of remaining almost a fortnight with his wife, before the final summons arrived which called him from her, to the duties he had undertaken in the family of Lord Aberdore.

But he left her with the delicious certainty that they should soon meet again to part no more—and he carried with him the delightful reflection, that it was for her he was engaging in an employment which, however contrary to his former habits of life, the idea of its contributing to her comfort would render not only easy but pleasant.

“ There

" There be some sports are painful, but their labour

" Delight in-fets them off—Some kind of baseness

" Are nobly undergone*."

Angelina saw him depart with tender yet trusting solicitude—her mother with confidence and pleasure.—When Angelina had bade him adieu, she looked from the dining-room window till he turned into the next street, and then retired to her own room to indulge for a few moments in those tears which she could no longer repress, though she was conscious that it was weakness to yield to them.—Soon, however, recovering her composure, by reflecting on the prospect of that humble happiness they hoped to enjoy together, she was able to meet her mother at dinner with a calm and even a chearful countenance.

D'Alonville in the mean time found himself in Portland-place, hardly knowing how he got thither.—The carriages were waiting

* Shakespeare.

waiting in which the young men were to travel; those that conveyed Lord and Lady Aberdore and Miss Milington; the ladies Vipont, their governesses and women, were not ordered till a later hour, but Lord Aurevalle and his brothers, with their tutors and domestics, were to begin their journey immediately.

The reverend Lemuel Paunceford, for the first time saw the chevalier D'Alonville, who was chosen to be his coadjutor in the important task of educating future legislators of the British empire. The reverend Lemuel Paunceford made him as good a bow as he could make, and introduced his pupils thus:—"Monsieur Dalunvil, this is my Lord Aurevalle; this is the honourable Henry Augustus Vipont, his lordship's next brother, and this the honourable Frederick Charles Vipont, his lordship's younger brother." D'Alonville bowed to each of the boys, and Mr. Paunceford pointing to a chair, he sat down.

The curiosity of D'Alonville, which had
at

at first been excited by the odd figure of this young divine, was soon satisfied, for he strutted for a moment about the room as if to exhibit himself to the best advantage. He was a punch figure of five feet, whose tight black cloths, knowing boots, and splendid leathern breeches, served only to make his redundancy of flesh more remarkable. He wore his hair high behind his round head, so that a collop of fat that was thrust from his short poll by the pressure of his neckcloth, seemed to support the spruce row of yellow curls that marked him, (though somewhat to his displeasure) as being in orders. But however he might internally murmur at the harsh decrees of custom which deprived his person of many advantages of which laymen are allowed to avail themselves, his spirit was well enough calculated for his situation; for with an infinite deal of pride, he had such a pliant disposition where any thing was to be got, that there was no doubt of his dying a dignitary of the church.

Till that happy epoeha arrived, he was
not

not unwilling to shew the way that was to lead to it, with every flower he could gather, without hazarding his character. He loved a good dinner extremely, and found Lord Aberdore's table very suitable to his taste; he loved his ease, and found that it was more in appearance than in reality that he should have any thing to do; he was very fond of governing, and therefore well content to find that the management of every thing at Rock-March was to be left to him; and as he did not dislike women, he imagined that with the two governesses, who were young and genteel women, and the three or four smart damsels who waited on them and the young ladies, he should have something like a little seraglio around him, for the indulgence of sentimental affections at least. It was not therefore without some sensation, bordering on mortification and disappointment, that he beheld the very handsome figure of D'Alonville, who, besides the advantage of being somewhat above six feet high, and of a light and graceful

graceful figure, had a face at once manly and expressive, fine eyes, and the most beautiful teeth that could be seen. It was to make comparisons between himself and this unwelcome coadjutor that Mr. Paunceford now paraded from the great pier glass to the door, from the door to the pier glass; and it was with extreme reluctance that he was compelled, after several turns, to acknowledge, that the Frenchman was really tolerably well-looking considering; for that was all he could bring himself to avow.

When the chevalier D'Alonville had been talked of, Mr. Paunceford had imagined to himself that he resembled one of those figures as are usually exhibited in print shops in ridicule of his country, and that he should only find him a contrast to his own agreeable person: but his eyes refused to accede to this caricature of his imagination, and he was now heartily sorry that his residence with his pupils at the villa near Hampton-court, at the time Lord Aberdore had engaged with D'Alonville;

ville prevented his trying to put an end to the negociation.—Now it was too late, and he could only form vague plans of prejudicing his pupils against him, and finding some means of getting him dismissed as speedily as possible.—D'Alonville having smiled internally at the pert round figure and consequential manner of the little Abbé, thought no more about him, but paying only as much attention to the young Viponts, as the common forms of politeness required, in speaking to each of them in French, of which they all understood something, and which the eldest spoke tolerably well, he turned all his thoughts to Angelina, and in reflecting how soon he should be many miles from her, he sunk into a melancholy reverie, from which he was suddenly roused by Miss Milington, who bouncing into the room, exclaimed—"Oh, my dear boys! I thought I should have been too late to have seen you before you set off—your servant, sir," coldly, to Mr. Paunceford; then turning to D'Alonville, who had risen

on her entering the room, she exclaimed, "Oh, Chevalier! never creature was so delighted as I am, to find you are not gone without my seeing you.—My dear sir, what a horrible journey we shall have—and such an ungallant, uncomfortable plan as this, of travelling separate!—Well, my dear friend, but we shall meet at last; and I hope the gods will give us good weather, that we may ramble about at Rock-March.—Do you know that if you love romantic views you will be quite wild!—for my part I adore them!—my delight is to gaze on woods, and rocks, and mountains, and torrents, when I am in the country."—D'Alonville, though usually prompt enough at reply, was at a loss what to say to this sentence, which, though meaning little, was so energetically delivered; but he was relieved from his embarrassment by a footman who came in to inform Mr. Paunceford that every thing was ready. Mr. Paunceford then sneeringly addressed Miss Milington—"Madam, if your business with Monfeer is at an end, I believe there

is nothing more to detain us.—My Lord Aurevalle, your lordship goes with me in the first chaise—Mr. Vipont and Mr. Frederic Vipont, Monfeer Dallumvil is to attend you in the second.” The Reverend Lemuel Paunceford then marched down stairs with the young lord, who did not seem particularly delighted with the arrangement; D’Alonville respectfully kissing Miss Milington’s hand, which she generously tendered to him, followed the two younger boys, and the chaises drove away.

“How dull Aurevalle will be,” cried the eldest, “shut up with our little Parson Punch.”

“I hope,” answered his brother, “Bob Jerom will preach to him all the way—I like to have Aurevalle teized with that quiz—because he often sets him upon me.”

D’Alonville, though by no means comprehending the terms Parson Punch, Bob Jerom, and Quiz, yet perfectly understood that the lads were ridiculing their tutor, for whom he had before guessed by their looks they had no great reverence;
but

but as he thought it too soon for him to commence monitor, he endeavoured to turn the discourse on the villages they were passing, and to direct their observations to the objects they passed; he found the eldest greatly skilled in horse-flesh, giving his opinion of "the cattle" that went by—knew to what men of fashion they belonged, and told D'Alonville the names and ages of Lord Aberdore's horses at each of his residences; named the brood mares, and had a very tolerable notion of a pedigree: these were accomplishments which D'Alonville did not suspect his pupils of having acquired under the learned clerk of Oxenford, Mr. Lemuel Paunceford; but he did not know that he was himself a sportsman, the best shot of his college, and celebrated for taking care himself to have his game well dressed; he was besides, though rather overweight, a keen sportsman, and followed hare hounds with particular gusto; inclinations which had prevented his checking in his pupils

the too lively interest they seemed disposed to take in the affairs of the stable.

As for some reason or other Lord Aberdore did not intend to pass the night at the same inn, they saw nothing of him on the road.—Paunceford seemed fullen and out of humour at supper; and drily saying to D'Alonville that the misfortune of his own not knowing the French language would make conversation unpleasant to him, he took a book out of his pocket, and D'Alonville was left to converse with the boys till they separated for the night.

C H A P. VIII.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless continuity of shade,
 Where rumours of oppression and deceit
 Of unsuccessful or successful war
 Should never reach me more!

COWPER.

THOUGH the travellers proceeded with the utmost expedition, it was very late on the evening of the second day before they reached Rock-March; situated almost on the junction of the three counties of Merioneth, Cardigan, and Montgomery, and about twelve miles from that part of the Irish channel which is called Cardigan Bay.

D'Alonville could only observe that night that the house was very large, and furnished with ancient magnificence; but be not alarmed, gentle reader, though seven castles have been talked of in a preface, thou shalt not be compelled to enter on another at this late period of the story;

and of this great house it shall only be said, that it was like other great houses, calculated rather for splendour than comfort, rather to create admiration in the stranger than to confer happiness on the owner; its outward walls shall not be roughened by former sieges, or its entrance guarded with portcullis; the wall flower and the fern shall not nod over the broken battlements, nor shall the eastern tower, or any tower, be enwreathed with the mantling ivy.

On the contrary, the entrance-hall is stuccoed; in it are four niches, in which are fine antique statues, purchased at Rome by the ancestor of the present Lord Aberdore, and in the vestibule beyond it, which, as well as the hall, is paved with marble, is a very large billiard table; the suit of rooms into which these entrances open—shall they be described?—No—They shall be left to the imagination of readers who can hear with pleasure of velvet beds with gilt cornices; superb China jars; marble tables and pillars of verde antique; sofas
of

of mixed or other damask, with feet admirably carved and gilt; glasses of great dimensions, and tapestry of the gobelins. Or should imagination refuse to fill up the lofty and spacious rooms, the little printed book sold by the housekeeper, Mrs. Empson, will give a perfect idea of it all; together with the Claudes, Guidos, and Caracchis; the Raphaels, Titians, and Rembrandts, that appeared in the eyes of D'Alonville, who loved and understood painting, to be the most desirable articles in this noble mansion.

But, courteous reader, if thou art spared a minute description of this Welsh palace, the country in which it stood must be a little more considered, for it was around that country, that with the dawn of the next morning, D'Alonville threw his eyes on the anxious enquiry, whether beneath some sheltering wood on the soft declivity of a hill, spreading its swelling bosom to the south, and watered by a gushing stream from the rock, some little white cottage might not peep forth—fit abode for love and Angelina.

No such little rural building diversified the landscape; before the windows of the room assigned to D'Alonville, spread a great extent of the park, scattered over with clumps of different sorts of firs, oaks, and beech, with here and there a venerable single tree; a wood now grey and joyless seemed at a considerable distance to mark the boundary of this side of the park, in which a temple or too was now distinguishable among the leafless trees; beyond it arose high and rugged hills, which shut out every other prospect, and which, to those who had never seen yet higher mountains, would appear as impassable; even to D'Alonville they presented the idea of the towering defences of Abyssinia, as represented in a translation he had read of the celebrated work of Johnson. Nothing appeared like a village, or the blue smoke of farm houses dispersed among the woods that fringed the feet of these tall hills, aspiring above each other to the north.

Disappointed on this side, D'Alonville
now

now went into a small anti-room and light closet, appropriated also to his use, which looked towards the east.—Still all was park and plantation, diversified and ornamented. A river, or an extensive lake, whose terminations were hidden by knolls and woods, seemed to enclose the park on the eastern side—and beyond it an uncultivated and wild country, more thinly scattered with coppices, arose towards the less lofty but still rugged high-lands that seemed every where the most prominent feature of the prospect.

But by the faint and reluctant light the sun affords in the beginning of February, he could only partially distinguish the outline of the surrounding country, and he still hoped to see the tower of a village church, or the spire of a more lofty edifice in some small neighbouring town that might serve to direct his research for the habitation he so earnestly desired to find.

As he had learned the evening before that the lessons of the young men were to begin at an early hour, he hastened to find

the room where they were to meet at breakfast, but this it was not very easy to do. He made his way, however, after some blunders, to the servants hall, but none of them were there, and he remained in undisturbed possession of the whole wing of the house for more than an hour, though he was fortunate enough in his journey round it to open the door of a very large library, the walls of which were covered with books of all languages and sciences; this he thought the most agreeable circumstance he had yet found in this stupendous residence; and he was examining the books in his own language, of which there seemed to be an assemblage of the best authors, when an housemaid half asleep entered the room, and without remarking him, began her morning talk about the grate; D'Alonville moved forward to speak to her, the girl started and screamed, and in a tongue which was not English, declared that he had frightened her out of her wits!

D'Alonville enquired whether Lord
Aberdore

Aberdore and the family had arrived in the night? but the woman said no,—“and lucky enough,” said she, “they did’nt, for I’m sure we be’ent not half ready for my lord and my lady, and there here be Master Pauncefoort and the young lords come down, before our house was half a quarter fit for um.” D’Alonville now enquired if Mr. Paunceford was below, and when the family breakfasted? He was answered that it would still be a full hour before they were down stairs—but that if he pleased he might have his breakfast.—Of this offer D’Allonville accepted, wishing to take the opportunity of questioning the girl, whom he had continued to make comprehend his meaning, as to the towns and villages in the neighbourhood.

But he found that from her description it was impossible to make out any account which he could write to Mrs. Denzil, and he was therefore compelled, with whatever reluctance, to delay the information which he had promised to give immediately on his arrival, till he could himself go round

the nearest villages and towns; the nearest of the latter, if town it might be called, was Aberdore, at the distance of near five miles.

At length, but not till he had passed near three hours alone, Frederic Vipont came up to his room, and informed him that they had settled not to begin any business that day, "for besides," said he, "that papa and lady Aberdore are expected, our tutor says he is so tired that he cannot stir, and Aurevalle and Harry want to go out on horseback.—Perhaps though, Sir, for all the little Doctor don't like to move to day, you may chuse to ride with my brothers, and in that case there will be an horse got for you."

As D'Alonville desired nothing so much as to make observations on the country round Rock-March, he readily accepted this offer, though he thought it necessary to speak first to Mr. Paunceford, and to offer, what indeed seemed to be incumbent upon him, to ride with the young men, as he himself declined it.

Mr. Paunceford, who seemed to have
acquired

acquired an amazing encrease of consequence, from having surveyed the scene of which he considered himself as master, received the civilities of D'Alonville with more than his usual coldness, and answered with a supercilious air, "you may do as you please, Monseer, there are horses in the stable; but it is quite at your option;—my Lord Aurevalle and Mr. Vipont want no other than their usual attendants, the grooms."

"Oh! but if it is not disagreeable, Sir, to you," cried Lord Aurevalle, "I beg you will come with us; I shall have great pleasure in shewing you about the park, and you can't imagine what a quantity of game we have in it.—I wish there would come a frost; for we have some of the best water shooting in England.—I dare say you can shoot, Sir?"

"I dare say Monseer cannot," interrupted Paunceford, "in his country I suppose nobody ever shot formerly but the grand monnark."

D'Alonville smiling at his ignorance,
answered,

answered, "that he shot a little, but did not particularly pique himself upon it."

"And perhaps you can skate, Sir?" said the Lord; "Not particularly well," answered D'Alonville. "I'll go down myself and chuse an horse for you," cried Lord Aurevalle, who seemed much more pleased with his foreign than his domestic tutor, "and I'll have it ready for you in a minute;" without waiting for the approbation of Paunceford, who by his four looks seemed much disposed to withhold it, the young man ran to execute his promise, and his two brothers scampered after him.

D'Alonville, disgusted by the behaviour of Paunceford, was not disposed to attempt any conversation, but amused himself with the pictures, with which every room was furnished, the few moments he waited.—He was then summoned to the party below, and found an handsome hunter ready for him, in the department of which his young friends seemed much interested; while the country servants

servants surveyed him with the same kind of doubting curiosity, as he had before remarked in the faces of the domestics at the hunting party in Needwood forest.

"Now," cried Lord Aureville, as they went off at half speed over the turf, "we'll have a good gallop; do you know, Chevalier, I have not been upon the back of this mare for above twelve months, and she's my favourite, and the very best little thing in all England." Such was the kind discourse to which D'Alonville found his pupils most disposed; at length, however, the higher grounds of the park obliged them to go more slowly, and gave D'Alonville an opportunity of surveying the country from an eminence that commanded it as far as the sea, at the distance of near twelve miles; or that rather afforded glimpses of the Bay of Cardigan, between the hills, which, though not so high as those to the North, were frequent between Rock-March and the sea.

But there could not be a greater contrast than between the smoothly ornamented

mented grounds of the park, and the rude country in the midst of which it was situated. D'Alonville once more looked round for those chearful habitations of humble life that he dared not ask for, least his young companions should wonder at his enquiry; all he could distinguish in the distance seemed to be the meanest cottages of clay and thatch; but the oppressive gloom that involved every object soon put an end to his observations, and a tempest of wind and rain drove them back to the house, where they had hardly got in, and changed their cloths, when Lord and Lady Aberdore, Miss Milington, and the Lady Viponts arrived.

The female part of the groupe retired to their apartments, and the owner of the house to his study.—The boys, after waiting on their father for a few moments, returned each to the amusement that pleased him, and D'Alonville was again left alone.

He now traversed the long range of uninhabited apartments—not without reflecting

reflecting on the strange inequality of conditions. "The Lord of this palace," said he, "has not only here, but in his other houses, six times as much room as he occupies, even when surrounded by his family and his friends, while the family of my Angelina, have not a cottage that they can call their own—hardly the means of obtaining a temporary residence! Alas! it is not a palace I wish for to place her in, but some quiet asylum where she might watch the declining health of her mother, nor dread such alarms and inconveniencies as she has already undergone. Oh, Angelina! could I obtain this for thee, this gloomy magnificence which now chills and depresses me, would be surveyed with content, and the pedant with whom I am associated, would appear less insupportable." As he finished this monologue, he turned to walk again through the rooms, when he saw majestically approaching through the vista formed by the corresponding doors of the long suite of apartments, the amiable Miss
Milling-

Millington. Every grace of her sublime figure seemed to be called forth as he advanced towards her; yet was

“ Her lion port and awe commanding face,

“ Attemper’d sweet to virgin grace.”

As she held towards him her fair hand, exclaiming, “ Heaven be praised, my dear Chevalier, we meet at last! and I shall have an undisturbed hour before dinner to give you the *cart du país* I promised you.”

D’Alonville expressed his acknowledgment in proper terms; and then, as they made several turns in this range of rooms, Miss Millington, softening her voice, and throwing as much gentle languor as possible into her eyes, began to give him her opinion of the people he was to live among, and the means of rendering his situation comfortable. There was good sense and real friendship in her observations and her advice; and D’Alonville, though he saw with concern that her manner betrayed a disposition towards sentiments, it was not in his power to re-
turn,

turn, he could not help feeling himself really obliged to her.

At dinner he saw for the first time the "rival of the Houri," and acknowledged that indefatigable art can do much towards rendering what is *called* beautiful, a fair face with regular unmeaning features—art certainly was not spared; but D'Alonville observed, that if the real character of Lady Aberdore was to be guessed at from her countenance, it would be pronounced totally unlike what it really was; for neither her features or her manner intimated that rage for admiration, or that resolution to govern, which her conduct clearly evinced.—Her conversation was rather affectedly soft; and she lamented that she had been careless enough to lose her knowledge of French, with that pretence to ignorance, which many women (and men encourage them in it), seem to think renders them more amiable than knowledge. She was to-day in one of her languid humours, fatigued to death by such an horrible journey, and wonder-
ing

ing at Millington for being so *robust*. To D'Alonville she was just civil, but still appeared to recollect that he was a *tutor*; while Paunceford she treated as a dependent—bade him open the door for her dog, or ring the bell, and gave him orders as to what she would have done about her aviary, and her ponies. Lord Aberdore, who brought with him into the country his political schemes to adjust and arrange, said no more to any body than was absolutely necessary; and the two governesses were not considered as being part of the company, and of course sat as mute as the young ladies their pupils; so that the little conversation there was, passed only between Lady Aberdore and Miss Millington, and D'Alonville thought he had never in his life seen so much wearisome magnificence; for though the family were alone, all was in the most solemn splendour; the servants who waited at the table were more numerous than the party who surrounded it, and the same form and ceremony was observed as on days of state.

Tired

Tired and desponding, in despite of the gentle attentions and kind looks of Miss Millington, D'Alonville was glád to be dismissed to his room, where he was soon called from the recollection of frigid grandeur and unweildy pomp, to the perusal of the following letter:

“The days seem so tedious, my dear friend, and we are all in such sad spirits since you left us, and my mother's health again so visibly declines, that we are all impatience to hear that you have succeeded in finding for us some remote cottage at the foot of a Welsh mountain; yet I know how unreasonable it is in us to expect this, when it is hardly possible you have yet had time to look round you. —And know too, that your impatience to have us in the country, is not less than ours to be there. —Already I see, in the morning walks I have taken with my little sister and brother, the crocuses peeping faintly forth in the little gardens on the road towards Islington; discoloured as they are from the smoke of this stifling town,

town, they yet call forth ideas of pleasure, from the recollection of spring, and I remember how delighted I used to be, when a child, at the appearance of the crocus and snow-drop, in a little piece of ground I called my own garden, before we were driven from our house in Dorsetshire—how anxiously I watched in my fairy borders the earliest hyacinth, or the unfolding of the winter rose, and with what a gay heart, saw the mezerion reddening on its leafless branches.

“Alas! how chearful and happy I was then!—how little did I at that time suppose, that a storm was gathering which should wreck us all on the cold bleak shore of poverty!—but do not believe, my dear friend, that I *now* complain of my fate.—Ah! no, did not fears for my mother, and my younger brothers and sisters disturb me, I should be happy—too happy, to share any destiny with you!

“I shall watch the arrival of the post with anxious solicitude, for it is the first day on which I can reasonably expect to
hear

hear from you.—How many questions I should have to ask you, D'Alonville, if I were to see you!—Is Miss Milington of your party to charm you with delectable music? Ah! you will never attend with indulgence to the humble attempts of your Angelina, whose uncultivated voice has received no advantage from scientific knowledge, if you listen much to *this* Syren! I am impatient, too, to hear your opinion of Lady Aberdore; but above all, I desire to hear of you.

“Why must I ever tell you of disagreeable and painful circumstances. De Touranges, since your presence is no longer a check upon his impetuosity, is as impatient and as ungovernable as ever, and I fear he will hardly be restrained from going again to Flanders, and I am sure that if he does it will destroy my unfortunate friend. St. Remi entreats you to write to him—every time I see and hear that excellent and respectable man, his character becomes higher in my esteem; and I could say to him, when I behold his patient,

tient, yet manly resignation, his piety, and his fortitude, "Thou almost persuadest me to be a Catholic." I have often read, that a great man struggling with adversity is a sight in which heaven delights, (I believe I do not copy the sentence with exactness, nor do I indeed know where to look for it—but you know what I mean). The Abbé de St. Remi seems to me to be truly great.—Ah! what a contrast to some *great* men, of whom unfortunately we know too much—men, who would have been so far from resigning their own fortunes with courage, had they been called upon by such rigid destiny as has pursued the higher ranks in France, that they cannot even determine to restore money or estates that happen to fall into their hands belonging to other people, when even a plausible pretence for keeping them cannot, even in the chicane of abused law, be found. I once gave you a slight sketch of an interview I had with these people. That I might save my mother from the vexation these irksome visits always

ways give her, vexation that has more than once thrown her into a fit of illness, I went myself yesterday to enquire what prospect this opening year affords us, the eleventh of those in which we have, on various pretences, been deprived of all the provision my grandfather made for us.

“ It was the fourth or fifth journey I had made in the hopes of seeing Mr. Ramsay.—His servants, as if shocked at the unfeeling conduct of their master, now let me in contrary to his orders, as I guess from the severe reproof I heard him give to one of them as I went up stairs; when he found the matter without remedy, he bustled towards the door, and would have descended the stairs to convince me he was going out, but as he is not very alert, I entered his drawing-room before he could leave it—without giving me time to speak, he said, “ I am sorry, Miss Denzil, you had the trouble of coming, I am this moment going out—Frazer! (to his servant) bring me my sword—I am obliged

K

to

to go, Miss Denzil, I am going to the levée."

"The great man fancied that I should shrink into more than my original insignificance, at the mention of such sublime business as the necessity of going to court, and that I should withdraw my impertinent pretensions; but there are cases which animate the most timid—I had my mother, I had D'Alonville in my thoughts, and I persisted to demand a few moments of his precious time—mustering all my courage, "I shall not detain you long, Sir," said I, with all the spirit I could; "but it is absolutely necessary for me to know whether this year is to pass as the last did—as so many, indeed *more* than half *my* life, has passed before." I found my foolish heart trembling in a moment, rather, however, with anger than fear; when Mr. Ramsay interrupted me, "Well, well, Madam! it has not been, nor it is not, nor will be my fault; I tell you, Madam, as I have explained to you before,

fore, over and over again, and also to your mother, that if any legal, proper, and just *mode* can be found, and chalked out, and discovered, that I am ready, and willing, and desirous to acquiesce, and agree, and consent to an arrangement, and settlement, and decision—I am sorry I again repeat, that I am engaged, and cannot possibly stay now.”

“ Sir,” said I, “ whatever may be your haste, I should imagine nothing could be more pressing to an honest and good mind, than to execute a trust on which the very existence of a family of orphans depends. Where are we to apply for these legal and proper methods to be chalked out? Already several lawyers have been consulted; but by no one of their opinions would you ever abide, even after you had in the most solemn manner engaged to do so, after you had involved my mother in infinite trouble in journies, writing, and explanations, and put her to very great expence.”

“ Well, Madam, I cannot help it—I

cannot act illegally, as I told you before, nor, being only one trustee, I cannot act alone; I must refer you to my co-trustee, Mr. Shrimphire." "And he, Sir, refers me back to you; he tells me he has nothing to do with it, but acts by your orders, which, as he is your attorney, does, to be sure, seem highly probable—and thus, Sir, months and years have passed away, and are still passing, in which my mother has, with the utmost difficulty, found us all in the mere necessities of life by her own labour.—Is this to last for ever? Is it even to last much longer? If it is, Sir, I am persuaded the best thing we can do is to go to service."

"Indeed, Madam, I think it is—your humble servant, Madam *. Frazer! order up the chariot."

"The great man disappeared to pay his

* Such dialogues as these *have* passed, with the additional circumstances of a great man's holding then twelve hundred pounds belonging to the young person whom he thus advised, which he continued to hold without a shadow of pretence for near three years, and then evaded paying legal interest. Such things *have been*.

court, and I, taking my little brother by the hand, descended humbly after him at an awful distance; and with tears ready to start from my eyes, and an heavy heart, took my weary way to Mr. Shrimpshire's, the co-trustee, in one of the Inns of Court, who acts in a double capacity, and is at once attorney to Mr. Ramsay and trustee to us, (by his appointment); so that the mockery of referring us to a man, who, if he were disposed to act with integrity, could only do what his employer dictates, is adding insult to injustice. I was going to give you a sketch of my interview with the old attorney, who is said to lose the little sense he ever possessed, in drinking; as to his integrity, or the sentiments of a gentleman, or a man, *if ever he had such*, they are long since forgotten in the iniquity of professional baseness. But if *Lavater's* judgment on the human countenance is at all to be relied on, he *never* ought to have been trusted; yet on these men has my poor mother been waiting for a long series of years, and now that

she is disabled by the ill health anxiety has brought upon her, it seems that the same degrading attendance, the same disappointments, and the same insults, descend to us in hereditary succession.

“ Let me relieve you and myself, D’Alonville, from this hopeless, this irksome subject—indeed I know not how I have been betrayed into it, unless it be that the mind will assume its colour from the objects around it; and I have been brought up amidst the oppressions exercised with impunity on my family—amidst the complaints those oppressions occasioned—amidst struggles against poverty, and efforts, unavailing efforts, to restore us to the comforts that have been torn from us.—Wonder not, therefore, if even in writing to you, to whom I would communicate nothing but satisfaction, I am led almost insensibly into the weakness of repining.—Ah! pardon your poor Angelina, and do not, as you have sometimes done, though half sportively, do not accuse her of being too much disposed to dark
and

and gloomy apprehension. Alas! if you knew how much my mother is changed within these two years, of which you cannot judge, you would not blame me for my fears; but I will not indulge them, my friend—no, I will believe, if it be but for a moment, that moment—if it be only that I may not infect you with my sombre presages, I will believe that we shall yet be happy, and it is certain that my mother thinks of our removal into Wales, with more pleasure than I have seen her express for a very long time; her imagination is flattered by the idea of bidding a long adieu to the neighbourhood of London; of losing sight of the men who have oppressed, and the friends who have slighted her, and of finding, amidst the bold features of the British Alps, novelty to amuse, and quiet to soothe her harassed mind.

“I need not add that on her health and peace depends that of your friend, to urge you to enquiries after a proper situation for us.—My foolish heart swells with

a variety of mingled sensations, and my eyes overflow, as I sign, for the first time, to a letter, the name of

ANGELINA D'ALONVILLE."

There wanted not this letter to animate D'Alonville to new exertions; but his heart sunk when he reflected how long it might be before he could succeed in what he so earnestly wished; the anxiety he carried to his pillow, was but too likely to be renewed the next day; for hitherto he had been able to discover nothing like the habitation he sought for, and it was very uncertain how far the occupations he had undertaken might impede his enquiries the next day, or how far, when he could make them, they might be successful.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

O chere et precieuse moitié de mon ame ! hâtons-nous d'ajouter à ces ornemens du printemps, la présence de deux amans fideles."

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

A NARRATIVE cannot so well explain as will the following letter, D'Alonville's sentiments and situation.—It was written about ten days after his arrival at Rock-March.

" My last letter, my most beloved Angelina, was so little satisfactory, that I lose not a moment in forwarding one that may be more welcome ; at length I have most unexpectedly found, at the distance of about three miles from the park wall, a little quiet asylum, hidden among rocks and woods, which may answer the expectation of your dear mother.—It is not, indeed, such a place as ought to receive her, or my Angelina ; but of them what palace would in my opinion be worthy ? I send your mother a description of it as

an abode ; to you I would give one of the country in which it is situated—I would make such sketches as St. Preuse is made to give of the Pais de Vaud, in the hope of recommending this hermitage to my Angelina—and does not hope embellish every scene on which her warm radiance is cast? The delicious expectation of seeing here the beloved of my soul, already lends to every object the charm of spring; I look forward to what these rocky wilds, so diversified, so romantic, will appear, when they shall conceal my Angelina beneath the luxuriance of their summer shade, and they seem to me a future Paradise.

“ As I would not engage Lord Aurevalle in any thing that might look like making him a party in clandestine schemes, I forbore to inform him of my real intentions.—He evidently, and without affecting to conceal it, prefers my conversation to that of Mr. Paunceford, which you may believe does not greatly serve to recommend me to the favour of that gentleman ;

man ; but that embarrasses neither of us. As the frost for these last two days has prevented our riding, I expressed a wish, as we were rambling about the park early yesterday morning, to visit the mountainous line of country that arose about four miles from the house, which is composed of hills, that, though not the highest within our view, are the most grotesque in their forms, and resemble most at this distance those Alpine heights which I had once seen, and but once, in the south of France. Lord Aureville complied, and we soon reached a village at the foot of these hills, if a few very low cabins scattered along their rugged terminations could be called so.—

“Near a quarter of a mile above the rest, where there are great scars of rock now visible, though I imagine they are in summer concealed by the woods, an house appears, which I thought seemed entirely unlike the straw-built sheds we were among, though it is still no more than a large cottage; I saw there was a narrow winding

road that led thither, and I made a pretence of wishing to see from this spot the park and the house at Rock-March; for I observed that we had time to go so far, though not to ascend the mountain that frowned over it.

“My young companion assented, and we went up.—The church, a very humble structure, covered with thatch, and half hid in a sort of recess of the rocky hill, as if to shelter it from the mountain storms, made me believe that the house I had seen might belong to the village curate; but his habitation, I found, by a peasant to whom Lord Aurevalle spoke, was a very little cottage, almost adjoining to it.—At length we reached the object of my search: it has been a farm-house, I believe, for it is much larger than those below; but it is now inhabited by a labourer and his family; one end of it was whitened, and has windows of a better appearance than the rest. A perpendicular mass of the hill rises abruptly near it, forming an immense wall of yellow rock to a part of the little garden that adjoins this end of the house.

I made

I made an excuse to Lord Aurevalle to enter it: the other part only was inhabited: I bade him observe how different the house appeared from what we usually see; for though it would be far from remark any where else, here it seems distinguished merely by having been once the habitation of persons, one degree perhaps above the peasants, whose cottages are hung about the precipices of this wild country.

“ It was not without great difficulty, and many *detours*, that I at last discovered the person to whom this house belonged to be an officer's widow, who, being a native of this country, and her family having once possessed considerable property in it, still retained that partiality to it as her native place, which through life has its power over some minds; having lost her husband, and being in easy though not affluent circumstances, with a daughter who had delicate health, she had fitted up this farm house which belonged to her, and put some plain furniture in it, to have the benefit of
this

this air for her daughter for three or four months in the year: but the young lady was now married in Norfolk; and the mother residing near her, had not been here for two years, but was willing to let the house, if (which was not very probable) any person could be found who wished to inhabit so remote and solitary a spot.

“ Lord Aurevalle had never heard that such a woman existed.—He had not been much in this country; and if he had, it is improbable he would have been allowed to notice neighbours so obscure. There was nothing in the story we heard to excite curiosity, and it was difficult to find an excuse for desiring to go over the house. I managed it however, and found, that as near as I can form an idea of, what your mother wishes for, this place may be approved of. I have learnt by means of a servant how to apply to the person it belongs to. I enclose a direction for your mother.

“ And is it here I am to see my Angelina?

lina?—Shall these rough crags, and wild woods, conceal in their rugged bosom the loveliest woman that England, (so justly boasting of its beauties) has produced?—Ah! how have I deserved this precious sacrifice!—Do you know, Angelina, that I sometimes doubt my own happiness—I doubt if I ought to expect it to continue!—and when I think that you are related to the possessor of the great house from which I now write—when I think that from your birth, your education, and above all, your merit and your beauty, every one who sees you must wish to see you continually, I enquire of myself how I can expect that Angelina will on *my* account give up all her friends; for, alas! my sweet friend, when our union is known, they will perhaps be irritated against us both, and then will not Angelina regret the advantage she may have lost by it?—Yes, my love, I imagine what may be your sensations, if your relations disclaim you; and I ~~talk in the words of the poet *~~ whom you have

* Prior.

have taught me tolerably to comprehend,
whether you can without regret relinquish

"These seats whence long excluded thou must mourn,

"These gates for ever barred to thy return?"

and whether

"Thou wilt not *then*, bewail ill-fated loves;

"And hate "*A Banish'd Man*," condemn'd in woods to rove?"

Ah! no, loveliest of beings, I injure the
purity of your heart by such a supposition
—I wrote to De Touranges and to St.
Remi—the former seems determined to
leave England, and to seek, with his fa-
mily, an asylum in the Tirole. Unless I
could offer him any better plan, I have no
right to oppose this. He has heard of some
of his friends at Verona, who intend going
thither for the summer, and the scheme
seems to have seized with great force on
his imagination—all that *I* can do to assist
him, he may command; for while I reflect
on my own felicity, I feel that I should not
deserve it did I forget that others are mi-
serable.

"With what extreme impatience I shall
await your mother's answer; but I dare
not dwell on this, for I shall miss the post

if

if I do not immediately conclude my letter.—In compliance with the custom of your country (for *I* have now no country that I can call mine,) I sign, (with what delight!) the name of

Your adoring husband,

ARMAND D'ALONVILLE."

To this Angelina by an early post returned the following answer:

"My dear friend, we have secured the house you speak of—my mother's impatience will not allow her to make any difficulties; she has written to the people to whom it belongs, has had an answer, and not willing that you should be known to be interested in it, has, with that activity of spirit which always marks her conduct where her heart is in a cause, taken such measures as will enable us to go thither in the course of next week.—Ah, D'Alonville! is it possible you can do me so much injustice as to suppose even for a moment, that any splendours from which I am excluded by my marriage, (admitting it to be true that I were excluded for that reason only) could
give

give me a moment's regret?—You do not yet know the heart that is all your own, or you would not have wounded it, by suffering such an idea to dwell on your mind. Young as I am, D'Alonville, I have seen enough to estimate perfectly the value of what is called superior life.—I have yawned in societies of very fine people, and languished for “liberty and fresh air,” in very superb apartments, that seemed to give no other pleasure to their possessors, than as they excited the admiration or envy of others. I have been equally wearied by the dullness of some of the parties to which, in our more prosperous days, we used to be admitted, and disgusted with the attempts at wit I have often heard among those, who, when first my mother appeared as an authoress, affected to patronize her. At Lord Aberdore's we used to look about for conversation; for from *his* circle even politics were excluded, least any thing should be said, that “had offence in it.” At another house we were amazingly witty with riddles, puzzles, and charades; and had it not been for these resources, it
would

would have been impossible to have proceeded beyond a reply and a rejoinder, after we had observed, that it was cold or hot; that the house sat late; that such a one made his expected motion; that the report of Mr. B— and Lady D— became every day stronger—or things of equal import. Yet people find fault with cards, as if it were possible for those who have not two dozen of ideas to exist without them. And you, D'Alonville, you talk of my regretting the fullen magnificence of Rock-March. Heavens! my dear friend, I am tempted to reproach you for such a suspicion, and to tell you that you thought just then of your Angelina, as you would of a fine lady at Paris, or London, till all taste of nature and simplicity was lost; but I have seen just enough of that mode of life, to say with *your* favourite English poet—

“Ye lying vanities of life,

“Where are you now, and what is your amount?”

Never

* Thomson.—It has often struck me as remarkable, that the French, (I speak of them as they were) who either read

English

Never, my friend, will they cost me a sigh—But I am an enthusiast as to our present plan of retirement.—Once more I shall enjoy the spring in a wild romantic country, far from any great town—again I shall mark the tender hues that the downy bloom of the fallows, the catkins of the hazel, spread slowly over the distant copses, while the sheltered hedges become partially green from the opening leaves of the elder and the hawthorn, and gradually the woods assume the verdant livery of spring.—Is there, D'Alonville, from the rock where you describe our future residence, is there a spot, that as you seemed once to intimate, overlooks that part of the country where Rock-March is situated? Shall I, in my mountain rambles, discern, at a distance the house you inhabit?—It will be the charm of my early walks; and, if the trees, as their leaves unfold, conceal your abode

English poetry in the original, or translated into their own language, preferred Young and Thomson, to our gayer and lighter poets, which, like their passion for tragedy, seems to contradict the generally received opinion of their national character.

from

from me, I shall still be able to mark the spot, "in my mind's eye," and to say, "There is my lover, my friend, my husband, engaged in occupations foreign to his former mode of life for his Angelina."

"Judge whether I am not interested, most anxiously interested, in our immediate removal, when, to the satisfaction of being near you (for we must not often meet, D'Alonville), is added the hope of seeing my mother's health re-established.—Yes, I shall see her again chearful, if not happy, enjoying the beauties of nature, and forgetting, or at least losing the poignant recollection of her sufferings.

"As my mother writes to you herself, I have only to add that we begin our journey so soon, that it will probably be in person I shall next assure my dear friend of the tender affection of his

"A. D'A——.

"My mother has just informed me that she finds she shall be too late for the post to-day; but that in consequence of an invitation from an old friend to meet her at
Bristol,

Bristol, and of the advice of her physicians, who think that the longer the journey is, the more it will be serviceable to her, she has conquered all other difficulties, and intends, instead of taking the more direct road through Shrewsbury, &c. &c. to go round by Bath and Bristol into Wales: this will make a difference of a week or ten days; but I know when you reflect that it will be the probable means of restoring that dear parent to health, on which depends the happiness of your friend, you will not repine at this delay."

To the delay arising from such a cause, D'Alonville could not but submit with more patience than he could have exerted, had it arisen from any other. He felt it, however, severely, and the more so as the stay of Lord Aberdore, his Lady, and Miss Millington, was prolonged another fortnight; and a thousand unpleasant circumstances rendered it irksome to him. They were circumstances that would become much more so, if they should remain at Rock-March, after the arrival of Mrs.

Denzil

Denzil and her family at "the Cottage of the Cliffs," a romantic appellation Angelina had already given to their nameless abode on the rocky eminence of Aberlynth.

Nothing would have been more difficult than to have persuaded Lady Abdore to have made so long a stay at Rock-March, if the death of her father had not compelled her to wear deep mourning, to which she had a particular aversion, and in which she hated even to appear, though she spared no study to make it as becoming as possible*. As for the event itself, which obliged her to put it on, she thought it necessary to look grave about it, a day or two; but she was too thoroughly a woman of fashion to have very keen feelings.—The poor man, her father, after a life passed in the very first world, in which he had dissipated all he could touch of a large paternal fortune, had become of late years one of those adventurers of fashion,

* This trait is not a fancied one, however childish and absurd it may seem.

who

who live nobody knows how—who are known to have nothing, and yet continue to appear with more expence than those who have a great deal. He was, however, within a few past months, become gouty and infirm; as he had never shewn any tenderness to his children at the beginning of their lives, they did not feel themselves bound to sacrifice one hour of their pleasures to his declining years.—Mr. Escott, his son, who now succeeded to the fortune in which the father had only a life interest, (and that life interest sold,) thought it “*rather a good move that the old gentleman was off to kingdom come.*” Lady Aberdore received about five thousand pounds, which was settled on younger children; a sum which in her present style of living and thinking, hardly paid her for the “horrible bore” of a six months’ mourning, when she looked (as she chose to fancy) so very hideous in black, that she hated to shew herself.

Mr. Escott, her brother, and a friend of his, of the name of Brymore, kindly came

to

to stay a fortnight or three weeks at Rock-March, to enjoy the close of the shooting season. Some other persons, who were honoured with the notice of the Aberdore family, were also in the house; for though the fair possessor of it always had earnestly entreated of her lord, not to "*let the natives come down upon her,*" (by which she meant the few families of country gentlemen who were within five-and-twenty miles,) yet some political reasons had induced lord Aberdore to prevail on her to receive them during the present stay of the family in Wales; which stay, some views of his own, more than any thing else, contributed to prolong.

D'Alonville, appearing as a dependant among people who were only the equals of those with whom he had been accustomed to associate, could not but consider himself as out of his place; and the extreme partiality of Miss Milington, which, while it made her very ridiculous, was dreadfully oppressive to him, was by no means calculated to render him more satis-

fied.—Mr. Escott, who was one of those fine men about town, who are continually the heroes of the day, was extremely vain of some of his accomplishments,—particularly his beauty, his knowledge of the world, and his knowledge of good eating. He was one of those fashionable *bon-vivants*, who know how the most piquant sauces are made; who criticise the tables of their friends, and will throw down two or three guineas with a careless air for any early production at a fruitshop, wonder how plebeians exist upon beef and pudding, and cannot themselves dine without game gravy*.

It was not certainly in *this* science that he feared the rivalry of D'Alonville; but like another Alexander, he was never happy while he had any conquests to make; and though he had been accustomed for years to ridicule Miss Millington, and would never have given a straw for her good opinion, he was now piqued to hear her speak so warmly as the some-

* The essence of partridges or pheasants.

times did, when neither lord or lady Aberdore were present, of D'Alonville's beauty. He denied that there was any thing uncommon in his person—said he was a coxcomb like almost all his countrymen, and supposed he was only an adventurer. This was the way immediately to provoke his zealous patroness to a warm defence, which ended in a very tart dialogue; some sarcasm on the part of the gentleman as to Miss Milington's discernment; while she reflected obliquely on his "*trop en bon point*," and advised him, if he would continue to be an Adonis, to give up his growing passion for the culinary sagacity of an alderman, for that one was entirely incompatible with the other. Mr. Brymore, who had been brought up to the law, but now was also a man in a certain style of life, neither emulated the personal or mental qualities of his friend, but valued himself on having talents which rendered personal attractions of no avail. In regard to his influence on women, to the conquest of whom, in every rank of life,

from the dutchess to the dairy-maid, he gave his whole time and thoughts, Mr. Brymore believed himself unequalled; and many were the damsels in humble life who had deplored their credulity: many the nymphs in more elevated stations, who had reason to reproach him with his broken vows. He had occasioned two divorces; had fought three duels, and he bore some marks of these latter encounters, the honour of which, in his opinion, compensated for the pain and danger. It seemed as if the ladies were of the same opinion, for with them he was an almost universal favourite; and lady Aberdore herself had occasionally called him an "agreeable good-for-nothing creature." Her lord however seemed to have no apprehension that he should endeavour with her to

"Make the worse seem the better reason;"

but saw, or affected to see, with the most perfect indifference, this dangerous man in his house. Occupied in engagements of his own, he took no more notice of any
of

of the party than formal hospitality required. D'Alonville saw with great concern this party daily fluctuating, but not at all likely to break up. Almost his only pleasure was to wander early in a morning, before his pupils were ready for their lessons, to "the Cottage of the Cliffs," and to mark the progress of the little preparations that were making for the reception of Mrs. Denzil and her family, in which, however, he did not dare to appear to take any part. He generally returned before Mr. Paunceford, who was by no means an early riser, had dismissed the young men from his instructions; and it was always with pleasure that they left those lessons for drawing, modern languages, and fencing; nor could D'Alonville always repress with becoming gravity, though he very sincerely tried at it, that boyish, but cutting ridicule which they delighted to throw out against Paunceford, whom they all hated, and never named but by some ridiculous appellation.

If Paunceford had taken a dislike to D'Alonville the moment he saw him, it had been rapidly encreasing every hour since. He not only felt the most cruel mortification in observing the preference his pupils, particularly lord Aurevalle, gave to this stranger, but he bore still more impatiently the visible predilection in his favour shewn by the women of the family. Before the unfortunate circumstance of his introduction, the two governesses had, he thought, been much more attentive to him; Miss Ballandyne, a woman of good family, who had taken the care of lady Tryphena and lady Louisa before the death of their mother, was now one or two and thirty, but had an elegant person and manners, with great good sense;—that *she* therefore should take such a fancy to “a young French coxcomb,” seemed astonishing to the profound Mr. Paunceford; though that such a little insignificant butterfly as his countrywoman, Madame D’Olbreuse, should prefer “frivolity and gay nothingness,” like her own, was much less

less astonishing ; but the misery was, that ever since they had been in the country, Paunceford had anxiously watched for an opportunity of discovering in the conduct of D'Alonville some error or impropriety—but nothing could be found which the most vigilant malice could wrest to his disadvantage. He was never missing when his pupils were ready for him ; and the progress they had made already, with which Lord Aberdore declared himself highly satisfied, was the best proof how well he knew what he had undertaken to communicate.

Lady Aberdore too treated D'Alonville with more respect than she usually shewed to any body—a preference the luckless little divine could bear with less resignation than any other—and upon the whole, he became so uneasy and dissatisfied, that nothing but the excellent table and other luxuries he now enjoyed, with the prospect of a good living hereafter, could have induced him to remain in a

situation where he seemed to have lost all his consequence, and to appear, notwithstanding his learning, and his high opinion of himself, in an inferior light to a person for whom he had a sovereign contempt.

C H A P. X.

So in the hollow breast of Appennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild.

THOMPSON.

THE solicitude with which D'Alonville now waited for every post, since he daily expected letters from the travellers, is not to be described; nor could he, however he endeavoured to do so, conceal his anxiety from the persons with whom he was surrounded, at least from such of them as, either from affection or aversion, had an interest in watching him. Miss Milington, from the involuntary changes of his countenance when the letters arrived, began to suspect that some affection more powerful than what he felt either for his French or his English friends, either for De Touranges or Ellesmere, was the cause of his being so violently agitated. She knew he could hold no correspond-

L. 5

ence

ence with his own country; and she felt a violent curiosity to know with whom he was connected in England, that hearing from them, or not hearing from them, had such an effect on his countenance and manner. In proportion as their stay was prolonged, the country appeared to have for her greater charms; and as the mornings were now fine, she contrived to engage herself continually in the walks D'Alonville took with his pupils, and seemed never so happy as when she could, without any other witnesses than the two youngest boys, lean on his arm, and enter into conversation on the state of France, or some topic on which she hoped to engage him to converse with interest: but she had often the mortification of finding that he was absent and inattentive—that he fixed his eyes on some distant object in the south-west, *where she* could distinguish nothing that ought to attract him—and instead of the attention she expected,

“ Answered neglectingly, he knew not what.”

These morning walks, however, became subjects

subjects of continual ridicule to Mr. Escott and Mr. Brymore.—The former, because he hated Miss Milfington; the latter, because he recommended himself to Lady Aberdore by the talent he possessed of rendering others ridiculous; by misrepresentation and mimickry, which often sunk into buffoonery, but which now constituted great part of Lady Aberdore's amusement. The languishing airs of the tender Jamima, and the pert pedantry of Paunceford, were no more spared than the aukwardness of the Welsh 'squires and dames who occasionally came to the house. The lady so little cared at whose expence she obtained a laugh, and was so little attentive to the pain she might inflict, that she encouraged Brymore to mimic them before their faces, or continue to betray them into absurdities, and even while they were present, she could not conceal the mirth thus excited—mirth which was redoubled by remarking the confusion into which people were sometimes thrown on

discovering that they had done or said something ridiculous!

As this *friendly* taste in Lady Aberdore engaged Brymore in very vigilant observation, he presently discovered that D'Alonville eagerly expected some letter of consequence, and that Miss Milfington as eagerly desired to know the contents of it. He contrived therefore to lay in wait for the servant who was charged with the business of bringing the letters from the post town, and finding a large packet for D'Alonville, he brought them himself into the room where the whole family, except Lord Aberdore, were assembled at their tea, and affecting not to be able to make out the direction, he held them for a minute or two to a candle, giving an hint to Lady Aberdore to watch the effect of this delay on the features of Miss Milfington and her protégé.—D'Alonville indeed betrayed extreme emotion; but it was not till he received his letter, and had left the room to peruse it, that the uneasy curiosity thus raised, (and which it was impossible to

to gratify) was visible on the strong features of the gentle Jamima, to the infinite amusement of her friends, who failed not to torment her as much as they could; while D'Alonville in his own room opened his packet, which he knew by the superscription was not from Angelina, but from Ellesmere, and which ran thus:

"You have undoubtedly been surprised, my dear Chevalier, at not having heard from me during so long a time; but I have been engaged in the most mournful duties—my poor father is no more—he never recovered the loss of his eldest son, and has soon followed him. It is at this moment the greatest consolation to me imaginable, that I have attended him through his last illness, and that I have not embittered his last hours; but my filial duties being paid, my heart now flies back with redoubled force to its affections—and Alexina, the beloved object on which those affections are fixed, appears with all those enchantments about her, which attached me to her the moment I saw her.

As

As soon as I have fulfilled the duties that yet call upon me, I fly to her, and I mean to marry her as privately as possible, and to keep our union secret till some months are elapsed: by that time I hope to reconcile my mother to a choice which will probably displease her; and I trust it will contribute to alleviate her displeasure, that I do not mean to fix my residence at Edisbury, but to give up the house to her as long as she lives. It has always appeared to me particularly cruel, that at a late period of life, the mother of a family should be driven from her home by one of the children she has raised, and be compelled to seek other connections in some remote and inferior residence. Lady Ellesmere shall not be subject to this inconvenience: I have already assured her of it; and I have promised poor Elizabeth to make up to her the fortune required by the mercenary father of her lover, who is still unmarried. Thus I hope I have alleviated to my mother, and to Elizabeth, the bitterness of their loss; for I could not think

think of happiness for myself, if I neglected to do what seems to me to be my duty towards them. I have also assured the old servants that none of them should be removed.—After all, I shall be one of the poorest of those who bear the arms of Ulster—but be it so—I am sure that I can limit my expences to my income, and that I shall be happy if I live with those I love; I am as sure that nothing that fortune could do for me, would make me happy without them. I cannot, my dear friend, figure to myself any society half so delicious as that we may enjoy together; and it will appear a thousand years till I can realize the plan I have formed.

“None of the family have been more affected with my father’s illness and death, than the honest old captain; my uncle Caverly, who I fear begins to find the yoke he has so long worn, too heavy for his declining years, and sighs for the liberty he has not however courage to obtain. I enclose you the adieus of Touranges and his family, though I suppose he has written to
you

you to the same effect.—Poor fellow! wherever he may be, he shall always command my services to the extent of my limited power.”

The rest of Ellesmere's letter consisted of some account of his two married sisters, with whose husbands he appeared much displeased; and then by a sudden transition he began a rapturous apostrophe to Alexina, and ended with earnest enquiries after Mrs. Denzil and her daughter.

The death of Sir Maynard Ellesmere, though under circumstances so different from those which attended the last sad moments of the Viscount de Fayolles, yet brought forcibly to the mind of D'Alonville all he had felt at that melancholy period; and then the strange scenes he had since passed through, even to the present hour, passed his memory in succession. He was now indeed comparatively happy, for he was the husband of the woman he adored; but many inquietudes yet assailed him: he dreaded least want of money, or want of health, might yet detain Mrs. Denzil

Denzil in London, or even on the road ; and the suspense he might yet have to endure, he knew would be intolerable should it last long. He read Ellesmere's letter again, however, and felt soothed by its contents. The filial duty Ellesmere had paid to a father, who had no other claim to it than that he *was* his father, was now consoling to *him* ; and D'Alonville, when he recollected how religiously *he* had fulfilled, as far as was in his power, the duties *he* owed, felt also that satisfaction which only the discharge of duties can bestow—satisfaction which alone is equal to sustain the oppressed mind in every exigence, in every suffering that adversity can impose.

He was proudly conscious too, that, driven as he was from his home, his property and his rank, no local circumstances could level him, while he preserved his integrity and his honor, with such men as Escott and Brymore, whose illiberal manners he saw and despised, though not without some doubts of being able long
to

to command his temper, should their arrogance carry them to more marked insults.

But it was time to return to the room where the young men took their evening lesson. When it was passed, he desired Lord Aurevalle to excuse his attendance at supper, and retired to his own apartment, where, on the table, to his infinite delight and surprise, he saw a letter lay with the Bristol post mark, and directed by the hand of Angelina, which he eagerly opened. It began with an account of the difficulties that had impeded their journey. Though a small sum of money, the produce of part of her own fortune, had been due to her mother some time, Messieurs Ramsay and Shrimphire, through whose hands it passed, had contrived to delay their receiving it, and had put them to great expence, before they paid it, though they knew it must be paid. Indignation and disappointment oppressed the enfeebled frame of Mrs. Denzil, and the longer she endured the injustice and
cruelty

cruelty of her fate, the more severe was the anguish with which she looked round on her children. A mind strong as hers could not have been crushed by pecuniary inconvenience alone, however hard to bear; but when to necessity thus needlessly inflicted, was added the insults of arrogant fraud, and the bitter reflection, that the injustice which robbed her and her family of the decencies of life, was exercised only to enrich some of the most worthless beings that disgrace humanity, her wearied spirit sunk beneath the complicated and hopeless evil; and though when she was released from London, the change of air and of scene appeared to give her a temporary relief, she could not even for a moment regain the cheerfulness so long overclouded. Angelina described the fears she again felt but too forcibly; and to shew D'Alonville the state of her mother's mind, she thus related their visit to Bristol, the day after it was made.— That part of her letter was in these words: “ The meeting with her old friend Mrs. Armitage,

Armitage, whom she had not seen for many years, served only to depress my mother's spirits, instead of reviving them, for they recalled to the memory of each other scenes they had enjoyed together; hours of (at least transient) felicity that can never return; and, as they slowly walked after us from Clifton to the path afforded by a gradual slope towards the river, I saw more than once the tears of sad recollection fall from my mother's eyes. The view, however, which the descent, and the banks of the river afforded, seemed to recall a gleam of pleasure to her countenance. Mrs. Armitage took occasion to press her to remain some time at this village, assuring her that she would find it of the greatest benefit to her health. "Besides, my dear friend," said she, "you complain that your spirits, overwhelmed by long suffering, no longer allow you to exert those talents heaven has given you—I am persuaded you would find them revive here—it is the very scene of inspiration." My mother, after a moment's farther conversation

versation on this subject, wrote in a blank leaf of her pocket book, the following answer to her friend—

S O N N E T

Written at Bristol Hot-well, in answer to a friend, who recommended a residence there to the author.

Here from the restless bed of lingering pain,
The languid sufferer seeks the tepid wave,
And feels returning health, and hope again
Disperse * “the gathering shadows of the grave.”
And here romantic rocks, that boldly swell,
Fringed with green woods, or dy’d with veins of ore,
Call’d native† genius forth, whose heaven-taught skill
Charm’d the deep‡ echo’s of the rifted shore:
But tepid waves, wild scenes, or summer air,
Restore they palsied fancy, woe-depress’d?
Check they the torpid influence of despair?
Or bid warm health re-animate the breast?
Where Hope’s sweet visions have no longer part
And whose sad inmate is—a broken heart?

Try my dear Chevalier to comprehend it.
Her verses are generally reckoned very
clear;

* “The gathering shadows of the grave.” Hayley’s Epistle on the death of a friend.

† Alluding to Chatterton, and Anne Yearley.

‡ The echo’s along these cliffs are wonderfully fine.

clear; but I know and acknowledge how difficult it is to a native of another country to taste the poetry of ours.

“ Though my mother persists in her resolution to proceed to her cottage, yet she could not refuse to give one day more to her friend. And could I forget, that it is another day of absence from you, D’Alonville, and that it may perhaps render you discontented and unhappy, I should be sensible of more pleasure than I can now feel in scenes entirely new to me, and unlike any thing I have ever seen before: but my enjoyment is destroyed by the reflection that you will expect us, and watch for us in vain another, and perhaps another day. I dare not even hint this to my mother, for she would check her own wishes, and hasten on, even at the expence of her health, rather than give either of us a moment’s pain.—The weather is so favourable to her that I wish she may take every advantage of it; and do you my dear friend be patient, relying on the assurance that, though we may be a day or two later than
we

we expected, we shall soon, very soon, be at our cottage."

Notwithstanding these and other consoling expressions with which she closed her letter, D'Alonville was now tormented with a thousand painful doubts. He believed the poetry of Mrs. Denzil to be very fine and very pathetic; but the lyre of Orpheus would not beguile him of his apprehensions, that something or other would happen to delay, perhaps entirely to prevent, the arrival of Angelina. He looked however at the date of the letter, and saw that it had been written four days: the circumstance of its not being delivered with the rest he afterwards enquired into, and found it was merely owing to the mistake of a servant, who, when Mr. Brymore took from him the other letters, had omitted to give him this out of another pocket—an omission that D'Alonville rather rejoiced at, as he could not have concealed his emotion had he received this with Ellefmere's; and he saw that for some reason or other Miss Milington, as well

as Mr. Brymore, made their remarks on his manner on these occasions; and there was nothing he so much wished to avoid, as any thing that might lead any part of of the family to a discovery of Angelina's abode. By the dawn of the next morning he left his sleepless pillow, and hastened to Aberlyth, in hopes of hearing that new directions had been received as to making fires throughout the house, or that something might be going forward which might intimate their speedy arrival. But all was blank and comfortless around the cottage: the woman, who had been commissioned by the attorney in London, (the agent of her former mistress) to prepare the house, without her knowing the name of the person it was for, was gone out to her work, and D'Alonville returned to Rock-March in despair; convinced that the presentiment he felt was but too just, and that the visionary happiness he had enjoyed in the hope of Angelina's residence near him was already vanished for ever.

By the post of that evening he received

no letter, and his anxiety and impatience encreased, while, as if to irritate both, Miss Milington took it into her head to be more than usually attentive to him, and in despite of the raillery of Brymore, insisted on his accompanying her on the bass viol in a very difficult lesson, in which she piqued herself on her execution.

With spirits on the rack, it was impossible to command his attention: He played the wrong notes, put his fair leader out, and she became quite peevish; less because having failed in her lesson, than from the conviction that D'Alonville was thinking of something that interested him much more than pleasing her; and she had not only indulged her fancy of late in its absurd partiality to him, but had taken that polite attention which was natural to him towards every woman, and which he thought particularly due to her, for the effects of a tenderer sentiment, which she saw no reason why he might not entertain for her. She was certainly a *little* older than he was, but men of *his* country have

given a thousand instances of such attachments; they were become frequent in England; and the various accomplishments she possessed might well produce a more violent, as well as a more lasting, attachment than extreme youth and transient beauty.

Such were the agreeable dreams in which the accomplished Jamima suffered her imagination to riot; and though reason now remonstrated with her, and enquired what she proposed, even if the predilection of D'Alonville for her was as warm as she sometimes believed it; whether it was possible that she, who had aspired to ducal coronets, should dream of sacrificing all for love? She evaded these troublesome interrogatories as well as she could, and sometimes attempted to repel them, by putting them to the score of pity for his altered fortunes, and respect for his talents, the partiality she felt in his favour. The ridicule, however, to which she exposed herself, by shewing this partiality, gave D'Alonville real pain at the
beginning

beginning of their stay at Rock-March, and now became so uneasy to him, that he foresaw it would be impossible for him long to endure it; nor could he determine to subject himself to that share of ridicule which fell upon him from two men who sometimes seemed to believe that, as a dependant, he was not to feel their rudeness, or at least not to resent it. He resolved therefore, if Mrs. Denzil did not arrive, to quit Rock-March, under pretence of having business in London for some days; and if her resolution of settling with her family in the neighbourhood was altered, to return to it no more, but to adopt some other plan of life which might not compel him to live without Angelina.

As he knew Mrs. Denzil would be cautious of sending to inform him of her arrival when she knew that Lord Aberdore was still at Rock-March, he had no means of knowing what passed at Aberlynth but by going thither himself; but that he could not do only at an early

hour of the morning, when it was improbable the Denzils should be arrived. The second morning in which he made this visit he was as little content with it as before. Another evening passed and he had no letter. Every conjecture that could torment and afflict him now assailed him again, and the greatest fault of his temper, and that which he had taken the most pains to conquer—excessive impatience—would have become visible by some act of imprudence, if he had not been unexpectedly relieved.

The weather was uncommonly beautiful and serene. To escape from his own tormenting thoughts, he accompanied Lord Aurevalle and his brother on horseback, though Mr. Paunceford was of the party.

They were on that side of the park next the village of Aberlynth, and D'Alonville was lost in painful reflections, when a boy of thirteen or fourteen years old, who could speak only the language of the country, came running towards them, and

and holding out a letter, said something in terms which only the groom, who was with them, understood to be an enquiry for the person to whom the letter was directed. The boy pointed (as he delivered it, that the direction might be read,) to the village from whence he brought it. D'Alonville turned pale, and neither able to repress or explain his impatience, he waited in breathless expectation, while the groom first, and then Mr. Paunceford read the direction: "To the Chevalier D'Alonville at Lord Aberdore's."—This, however, Paunceford read aloud.—"It is *my* letter," cried D'Alonville impatiently. "Yes," replied Paunceford, "it seems to be your letter, Sir—A lady's hand too—I did not know, Monseer, that you had any acquaintance in Wales: but it seems" added he with a significant look, "that you are universally fortunate."—D'Alonville attended not to him—at that moment the opinion of the whole world was indifferent to him. He cared not what conjectures might be formed; but tearing

open his letter eagerly, he read these few lines written by the hand of Mrs. Denzil.

“We are arrived. Let us see you as soon as you can come to us without awakening impertinent curiosity, which many reasons make me particularly desirous of avoiding, since I find our right honourable cidevant cousins are still at Rock-March.— Angelina is fatigued with her journey; but I, to whom travelling is pleasure, and of course health, should be sorry that I am arrived at the end of my travels, and that I must be confined, at least for some time

To a poor cottage on the mountains brow,

Now bleak with winds, and covered now with snow;”

PRIOR.

but that I think less of others than of myself, and from the extreme scarcity, (as far at least as I have been able to observe,) of even transient happiness, I shall be content, if for some time you and my Angelina find it in being near each other,

Adieu my dear D'Alonville.”

The

The perusal of this letter redoubled the impatience, if it could be encreased, with which D'Alonville was tormented, and made him more careless than before of the remarks that might be made upon his conduct. He spoke for a few moments in a low voice to Lord Aureville, for to Mr. Paunceford he by no means thought himself accountable, and then galloped towards Rock-March house to leave his horse—which having done, he ran round by the plantation that skirted the park, in order that he might escape observation, and arrived breathless with haste and impatience at the cottage on the mountain beyond Aberlynth.

Angelina, whose spirits were fatigued, rather with anxiety about her mother than by the journey, received him with tears; but they were tears of pleasure. Mrs. Denzil and the other part of the family were busied about the little arrangements necessary to be made in their new abode, and D'Alonville and Angelina, to escape from bustle, in which she would not allow

either of them to assist, walked through the garden adjoining to the house, which was almost an area cut in the rock, and ascended into the wood above it that cloathed the acclivity, and which they could attain only by a sort of rugged steps formed of roots. From amid the trees, yet very partially in leaf, a beautiful and extensive prospect appeared. But D'Alonville saw only his Angelina, and might have said with Petrarch.

*Fien di quella ineffabile dolcezza
Che dei bel viso, trassen gli occhi miei
Nel di che volentier chiusi g'li avrei
Per non mirar giammai, minor bellezza.*

Nor was it till some hours afterwards that Mrs. Denzil could prevail upon him to return to Rock-March, by shewing him that his stay made her really uneasy, and would hazard discovering to Lord Aberdore the secret of their abode in his neighbourhood, which she was very desirous of avoiding.—“Not, my dear Chevalier,” said she, “that I have the least reverence for this titled man, or the least apprehension of any ill effects from his displeasure; but

but he might believe I came hither to solicit his notice, or court his protection. The consequence of the man to himself is enough to make him suppose that I think his patronage worth any sacrifice; and his meanness is such, that he would be full of expedients to escape from the importunities of poor relations as soon as possible, and before it was known here that any alliance had ever been acknowledged between his family and that of my children. This would subject me to messages, letters, or even visits, which I could very ill support; and it would besides render abortive your plan, equally prudent and generous, of finding in his family a resource against the inconveniencies to which your exile, and the wish you have to assist your friends, may expose you. Had I been aware that Lord Aberdore would have resided here any time, I should certainly have put off my journey; but as it is, my dear friend, we must make the best of it. The inhabitants of this obscure place will never be enquired after by those of Rock-March,

unless some indiscretion forces us upon their observation; and those indiscretions for a short time we must endeavour to avoid."

D'Alonville concealed as well as he could the reluctance with which he yielded to these reasons for tearing himself from Angelina; but he insisted upon it that his evenings were his own; that nobody had a right to enquire how he then disposed of his time; and that he would quit Rock-March immediately after supper, and return to it in the morning before he was enquired for, as he could easily do. Mrs. Denzil doubted this extremely; but he made it, as he thought, so clearly appear, and was so bent on obtaining this permission, that it was at length partly granted; on condition, however, of his taking his after-supper-walk only on fine evenings, and when he was not likely to be missed.

As with slow and unwilling steps he returned to the great house, he recollected that for his abrupt departure and long absence, some reason should be given;—
he

he felt degraded by having thus subjected himself to enquiries and remarks; and all his fortitude was necessary to enable him to determine still to submit to this restraint. But when he remembered how much the task he had undertaken would enable him to soften to his Angelina the harshness of her destiny—how well she deserved all he could do for her, and how delicious it was to sacrifice his pride and his ease to an object so beloved, he stepped more lightly along, and as he entered the house looked back with an air of triumph towards the cottage he had left, and half exclaimed—“She is there! fifteen minutes will at any time bring me to her—and of what do I complain?”

As he entered the lower hall, which it was necessary to cross as he went up to his own room, he met Miss Milington—“So, Chevalier,” cried she, “the young men have been enquiring for you; we imagined indeed that you were lost.”

“You do me too much honour, Madam, to think about me. I am sorry if I have

not been punctual in attending Lord Arrevalle and his brothers; but I do not often give them cause for complaint, and I had some business a mile or two from hence."

"Business!" replied she, "indeed!—I did not know you had any acquaintance in this country—*Your friend*, Mr. Pauncefort," added she significantly, "has been finding many *good natured* reasons for your absence.—But we are going to dinner.—It is past six o'clock—I see you are not dressed."

The lady then passed on, and D'Alonville, hastening to his own room, prepared as expeditiously as he could for his appearance at dinner, to which the last bell in a few moments summoned him.

But here, contrary to his expectation, nothing was said by any body of his unusual absence. Lord Aberdore, who seldom noticed either of the tutors, more than by a grave bow, or a short sentence of common civility, was now engaged by two strangers from another part of the country,

country, who arrived that day. Lady Aberdore was talking in her usual way to her brother, Mr. Brymore, and Miss Milfington; but this whole party seemed less gay than usual, for it had to-day been settled, after some opposition on the part of the lady, that the family were yet to remain another week at Rock-March:—to this she had yielded only on condition of not being asked to return thither for at least twelve months, and that she should go to Bath, a place of which she was extremely fond; for three weeks, instead of going to London with her Lord, who was at the end of this week under the necessity of returning thither:—she had stipulated too with Brymore and Escott to remain; to both of whom she appealed, whether she was not the very best wife in the world.—“Who on earth, *but me*,” exclaimed she, “would stay for above three weeks in an old Welsh castle, with nothing better to talk to than one’s brother, and such an animal as *you*, Brymore?—Well, I *do* think I am exemplary.”

Far.

Far other were the thoughts of Angelina, who had quitted London with delight, and now thought herself as near happiness as she ever expected to be in this world. Her mother's health seemed to be almost re-established:—she hoped in the very retired and æconomical manner in which they proposed to live, that her mind would be no longer harrassed by the pecuniary distresses which had for so many years agitated her spirits and injured her constitution; and for herself, she had nothing else to wish—for she was near her husband—and when a few days should leave him at liberty to dispose of some portion of his time by the departure of the family from Rock-March, she hoped to have the inexpressible delight of wandering with him among the rocky wilds and deep woods of a country entirely new to her. Already from a spot higher on the mountain than she had been with D'Alonville, she found a spot from whence one end of the house at Rock-March was visible; the broad sash windows glittered in
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the setting sun; and Angelina loved to believe that they were the windows of D'Alonville's apartment, which he described to her as being on the second floor, at a corner of the house where the offices adjoined to it. Here Angelina proposed to pass some time of every day, when her mother should be able to dispense with her presence; and here she planned a little bower, by interweaving the branches of the hazle and birch that crowded over a scar in the rocky bosom of the hill. This she figured to herself that D'Alonville would do for her, as well as construct a little rustic bench of the mossy branches of some older trees.—Already in the tall woods beneath the mountain, the the rooks were busied in feeding and attending their almost fledged young; the ground was covered with the early flowers of spring; and the paths Angelina trod were literally “primrose paths.” In their little garden below, her little brother, a child of eight years old, was already making his arrangements with the infantine delight

delight natural to that age, on coming to a new abode; and her youngest sister was producing her collection of flower seeds, which she proposed to divide with him on condition of his digging the border for her. Every simple object around her spoke to Angelina of hope and pleasure.

C H A P. XI.

Our Parson misdoubts it—it is treason, he says.

SHAKESPEARE.

FOUR days had passed, in which D'Alonville appeared to be occupied as usual. He had forborne, at the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Denzil, to visit Aberlynth, while he might be missed by the family at Rock-March; but as he did not always sup with them, and the young men were now entering more regularly on that course of life they were to follow when Lord Aberdore had left them, he continued to be dismissed by Lord Aurevalle, to whom alone he referred himself, at an early hour of the evening, when he hastened to pass the rest of it at "the Cottage of the Cliffs." He observed, though without giving himself the trouble to enquire into the cause, that Mr. Paunceford was more than usually constrained in his manner; but he imputed it to the discontent with which he beheld
the

increasing friendship of Lord Aureville for his foreign tutor, and to the natural malignity and supercilious insolence of his character. He sometimes fancied that Paunceford watched him, and was half tempted to contrive to detect him in doing so, that he might chastise him as he deserved; but he resisted this temptation as it arose, on reflecting, that any fracas of this sort could not fail of distressing Mrs. Denzil, and of occasioning the discovery she so much wished to avoid. The *manner*, however, of Paunceford, served to render their meetings more than usually uncomfortable, and to irritate the impatience with which D'Alonville awaited the hour that should set him at liberty to fly to Angelina; impatience which he could not always so well conceal, but that Paunceford, though a man of no great penetration, was every day more strongly confirmed in his opinion that something, which he wished to hide was on his mind. The extreme eagerness with which he read the newspapers, and the solicitude he

he expressed for letters, together with the agitation he had sometimes unwillingly betrayed on receiving them; his restlessness, and frequent walks of an evening, which Paunceford had discovered, (though he knew not that D'Alonville was absent the whole night,) were altogether observations that put strange thoughts into the round head of the sagacious Paunceford. Every hour that passed, and every look of D'Alonville's, served to strengthen these suspicions; for it is not only to the doubting lover, that,

“Trifles light as air,

“Are to the jealous, confirmation strong, as proofs of holy writ.”

Paunceford, like Scrub, began at length to be perfectly sure “there was a plot,” and nearly for the same reasons as that sagacious politician; and he was determined to have the merit of discovering it, by which two purposes would be answered—He should give Lord Aberdore and the world in general an high opinion of his discernment, and get out of the way for ever a troublesome competitor, for whom
he

he felt that aversion which base and narrow minds always feel towards superior merit.

Determined however to wait for the most perfect confirmation of his suspicions, he let another day pass before he made his solemn appeal to Lord Aberdore, and gave him information of his discovery; but in the mean time set himself to watch D'Alonville with more assiduity than before.

Brymore, with no other qualifications than boundless impudence, a fluent way of talking, and a total want of feeling; without any pretensions to principle or humanity, set up for the Lovelace of the present day; and kept as his servant a fellow who had been a copying clerk in a lawyer's office, where he had added some degree of systematical villainy to the bad disposition he received from nature. This man, who was now a valet out of livery, and looked rather more like a gentleman than his master, was often employed in the infamous office of discover-

ing,

ing rustic beauty, united with unsuspecting simplicity; and of betraying unfortunate girls into the hands of his employer, who had occasionally been heard to boast, that he had seduced more young women; and left them upon the town, than any man of his time. His agent, whose name was Strugnel, in prowling about the villages, had met Angelina in that she now inhabited, coming out of a little shop. She was alone, and very simply dressed, but her air and figure immediately convinced Strugnel that she was not an inmate of any of the rustic houses he saw about him. He saw that her face answered the grace and beauty of her form; but there was something about her whole appearance that awed him, and made him conscious that it was impossible to address her with the rude familiarity he generally adopted. He followed her, however, at a distance, saw her ascend the hill, and watched her entrance into an house, which, though of much better appearance than the rest, was still a cottage. He then returned.

returned to the little shop where he had first met her, and enquired of the old woman who kept it, whether she knew the young lady who had just been there. The ignorant old woman, half deaf, and understanding English very imperfectly, gave him as well as she could the substance of the stories she had picked up, distorted first by the representations of those from whom she had heard them, and then from her own misconceptions; from which compilation Strugnel understood, that a widow in distressed circumstances was come to Aberlenth to hide herself from her creditors, and that this was her daughter, or passed for such; that some of the people in the house were foreigners, but she did not know who, "only folks as had been there to sell things, heard them talk in an outlandish tongue, and for her part she thought there was not much good in such like folk—but there!—for her part, to be sure it was no concern at all of hers, as long as they paid for what they had at her shop; and she'd look sharp after that."

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The amount of all this, in the opinion of Strugnel was, that the girl belonged to some distressed family, and therefore might be obtained; and he hastened to relate to his employer the discovery he had made of an indigent creature so perfectly lovely.

Brymore determined to see her himself that very evening. Nothing was so easy as to introduce himself into the cottage she inhabited, under pretence of having lost his way. He was assured by his pander, that there was no male inhabitant of the house but a child of seven or eight years old; and he knew he had assurance enough to carry him through any impertinence he might be guilty of towards helpless women, even though their rank might be higher than he supposed that of these strangers. It was so near the dinner hour when he received this intelligence, that he could not set out immediately.

While the whole family were dining, one of those pauses which frequently happened in the conversation, gave occasion for Mr. Escott, who sat at the other end
of

of the table to say to his sister in his indolent way—"Lady Aberdore, do you know I have made a discovery to-day?"

"Indeed!" answered the lady, "pray in what? in philosophy or mathematics?"

"In something much better than either," answered he; "I have found out that you have got some new neighbours not above a mile and a half from the park."

"Neighbours!" exclaimed she, "neighbours for me!—my dear Thomas, do for heaven sake spare yourself the fatigue of such discoveries for the future; and if unluckily you make any such by chance, do in pity keep them to yourself."

"Upon my honour though," cried Escott, "I am not in joke. Damn me if I ever saw a genteeler, handsomer girl in my life! I took some pains to find out who she was—but the cursed Welsh boobies know nothing of the matter—however I intend to try again."

"On my account I dare say," said Lady Aberdore, laughing sarcastically, "Oh! what
what

what a *kind* brother I have to seek eligible acquaintance to amuse me in the country! —Bless me, Jamima," added she, addressing herself to Miss Milington, "why one would think it was some acquaintance of *yours* that Thomas has put up—dear child, how you look!"

It was very true, that the countenance of the lady to whom she spoke expressed unusual emotion, but it was from the reflection of that of D'Alonville; who, as he sat opposite to her, betrayed such extraordinary agitation, that the truth immediately flashed on the mind of Miss Milington—the unwelcome truth;—and she saw that the heart of D'Alonville was given to this "handsome and genteel girl," who ever she was. The sarcasm thus uttered by Lady Aberdore, restored her, however, to her recollection, and she answered coldly, "How can it affect *me*, Lady Aberdore? You know, I believe, that I can have no acquaintance in this country; certainly none for whom I feel the slightest degree of interest."

"And where," cried Brymore significantly, "is this miracle to be seen?—Pray let *me* into the secret."

"No faith, Jemmy," replied Escott, "that will never do. If Lady Aberdore disclaims her for an acquaintance, I shall try to make an acquaintance with her myself. Don't you think I'm right, my Lord?"

"Upon my honor I do not know, (said Lord Aberdore, who frequently affected absence of mind,) I do not know exactly of whom you have been talking—but I think Mr. Escott may easily find acquaintance which would undoubtedly, and very properly too, be declined by Lady Aberdore." The conversation was then suffered to drop; and the young men soon after retiring from table, D'Alonville was released from a situation which he could not have supported much longer. He hastened up stairs, while Brymore sallied forth on an expedition, which had D'Alonville suspected, it would have rendered him frantic, and have sent him immediately,
and

and at every risk, to the cottage of Angelina.

Paunceford, who had observed with scrutinizing eyes the confusion of D'Alonville, now believed he had discovered the whole train;—that D'Alonville was a spy, and this young person a mistress whom he had brought down, who was to convey to the enemy the intelligence he obtained. A paper he had picked up in the billiard-room that morning, which he could make nothing of, seemed to strengthen the other circumstances; and he determined to hesitate no longer, but to discharge his duty to his dear country, by declaring all he knew, and all he supposed, to Lord Aberdore that very evening. When tea was over, therefore, Paunceford gravely advanced to Lord Aberdore, and with an air of importance requested to be allowed the honour of five minutes conversation with “his lordship in his lordship's library.”

Supposing he had something to communicate relative to the boys, Lord Aber-

dore bade him come to the library in half an hour, as he was engaged till then in giving directions relative to repairs before his departure, which was fixed for the next day but one. Paunceford employed the intermediate time in considering how he should most eloquently enforce what he had to say; and when the time of his attendance arrived, with head elate from a consciousness of his own importance, he strutted into the library.

"So, Mr. Paunceford," said Lord Aberdore, as he entered, "nothing is wrong, I hope, in regard to Aurevalle, or the rest?"

"No, my Lord, nothing in regard to my Lord Aurevalle, or to the Mr. Viponts—no youths can give more early promise of emulating, my Lord, your Lordship's eminent virtues. Born to aspire to the important characters of British legislators, they do indeed give hope of—"

"Well, well," said Lord Aurevalle, coldly, "all that is very well. Excuse me, Mr. Paunceford, I have really hardly a moment

moment to spare this evening ; be brief, therefore, as to your present business."

" I will, my Lord ; I will be brief—as brief as the nature of the affair I have to communicate will allow ; but—but your Lordship must allow me to premise, that nothing but a sense of duty I owe to your Lordship's family in particular, to society in general, and to my country as a Briton, could induce me to undertake a task for which I am free to own myself unfit, and which, I feel, might, under any other circumstances, appear invidious."

" I have not the least notion, Sir," said Lord Aberdore, half peevishly, " of the tendency of this discourse."

" I will explain, my Lord.—What would your Lordship think of me, if—I say, what opinion could you, or ought you to form of me, if, instead of giving you this trouble, I should suffer a traitor, a spy, an enemy to my country, to remain unreprieved, unpunished, unmarked, in a family so illustrious—and that your Lordship's unsuspecting generosity has enga-

ged you to harbour such a man, I am fatally but too certain."

"Aye, indeed!" cried Lord Aberdore, without, however, testifying any marks of surprise; "and where, Sir, have you discovered this traitor and spy?"

Paunceford then declaring how very unwilling he was to appear as an accuser, and again making a long parade about the love of his dear country, and his abhorrence of treachery, declared that D'Alonville was the person to whom he alluded.

"It may be so, Sir," said Lord Aberdore, in his usual reserved manner; "but you must give me proofs stronger than you have yet mentioned, before I make such a charge against Monsieur D'Alonville. As to the French letter or note you have produced, it is, as far as I can make it out, (which the singularity of the hand renders rather difficult) nothing more than a letter from one friend to another, relating merely to private concerns."

"But, my Lord," said Paunceford, "can the
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your Lordship doubt of the *facts* I have stated?—The young woman of whom Mr. Escott spoke at dinner—you may depend upon it, my Lord—she is the mistress of Monfeer, some kept woman from London, whom he has engaged to convey intelligence.”

“It is mere conjecture,” answered Lord Aberdore. “You do not even know that she is connected, or even known to Monsieur D’Alonville; and you might remark, that a situation at this distance from London, is by no means that which would be chosen by a judicious spy.”

“Your Lordship, then, gives no credit to my relation?—you see nothing in the observations I have made?”

“Pardon me, Mr. Paunceford—I see a great deal to admire in your sagacity; but I cannot, whatever may be my respect for your talents that way, venture to charge a person with crimes of so dark a nature, unless quite sure of his guilt.”

“Well, my Lord,” said Paunceford, extremely mortified, “will your Lordship then do me the justice to believe it, if I

prove to you, beyond a doubt, that every evening, at a certain hour, this foreigner goes to a rendezvous at some place not far off, where I am very sure your Lordship will find there is an agent, or agents, who are employed in the very iniquitous business of obtaining intelligence from Monseer D'Alonville, to convey to the enemy.—Would your Lordship condescend to appoint any person to follow with me and detect him?"

"Oh, as to that," answered Lord Aberdore, "I hold the charge of such grave import; and to harbour a person carrying on such practices might be of so ill consequence to me, Mr. Paunceford, that though I am neither fond of adventures, or of detections, and have long since left all night excursions, I will follow you *myself*, rather than that such a traitor should escape."

"Well, my Lord, I thank your Lordship for your condescension—and this very night I engage that I shall track Monseer to the place of his machinations."

"This

“ This very night then, Mr. Paunceford, I will follow you.”

Highly elated thus to have gained his point, and nothing doubting but that the detested D'Alonville would be detected and driven away with disgrace; perhaps with punishment, Paunceford could not conceal his satisfaction; his plump countenance and rosy gills glistened with delight; and after another long parading speech he took his leave, promising to watch the culprit so narrowly, that he should not escape to his evening conspiracy without being followed. Lord Aberdore promised to be ready on the signal that should be given for his detection.

Unluckily for the very discerning Mr. Paunceford, D'Alonville put off his evening walk. Supper passed. The spy, who was supposed to have so much mischief in his head, and who had been observed very busy over a list of shipping that afternoon, went through the evening with unusual composure, and never made any attempt to absent himself. At a later hour than

usual the whole family separated for the night; and D'Alonville, who was watched, was seen to enter his own apartment, and lock the door; after which Paunceford took the pains to go round to that side of the park on which the windows of his chamber looked. There was no light. He returned to the house, stepped as lightly as his weight of flesh would give him leave along the passages that led to D'Alonville's room, and listened at the door. There was no noise. Baffled and vexed, Paunceford was compelled to own that he was this evening disappointed; but he imputed it only to accident. Lord Aberdore, who had had the complaisance to wait till after midnight, now told Mr. Paunceford, with a contemptuous smile, that either his zeal for his country, or his too officious informers, had certainly overheated his imagination—and retired himself evidently displeased; while the sapient Paunceford slunk to his own room, lamenting the strange predilection of the nobility of England for foreigners, and meditating

meditating schemes of detection for the morrow; for of D'Alonville's guilt he had no more doubt than of his own existence, or of his own importance—matters of which he was equally well assured.

Miss Milington had been languid and gently dejected the whole day:—she would have escaped the enquiries her reason once more made,—*what* she meant by being thus violently, and, what was worse, visibly, affected when any thing was said which might relate to D'Alonville; and why she suffered such changes of countenance as befel her when she observed the alterations in his? Unable to satisfy herself, she escaped from reflections so little satisfactory, and had recourse to an Ariosto which lay on her dressing table.

She read Italian perfectly well; and between musing on the world she was in, and its inhabitants, and reading of the very strange regions into which the poet introduced her, she passed some hours. At length she heard the clock over the great stables strike three, and was preparing to

go to her bed, when she was alarmed by a violent knocking at her door, and a female voice that, half shrieking and half sobbing, entreated her to open it and make her escape, if she would avoid being burnt in her bed. Miss Milington, who had not undrest, but had her night-cap and dressing-gown on, obeyed, as soon as possible, this alarming summons. The person who had given it was already gone. No light appeared either in the gallery into which her dressing-room opened, or in the arched passage which led to the back stairs communicating with the bed-chambers on this side of the house; but Miss Milington fancied she smelt fire. She was not one of those nervous ladies who, on the slightest alarm, lose their presence of mind. She considered, however, that where there is no great share of youth and beauty, elegance and refinement may supply their place;—and as she might probably have occasion to exhibit herself before the whole family in her night-clothes, she just stepped back to her

her glass, adjusted the bow of rose-coloured ribbon that shaded her face in the centre of a nice laced cap, puffed up the muslin trimming of her dressing-gown, that it might adorn as well as conceal her throat; and then taking the candle in her hand, she courageously marched along the passage. She listened, but heard no noise in that part of the house; she then descended the stairs—but here her resolution forsook her; a long window which was on this staircase looked towards that part of the house where the offices formed one side of a large court; she saw the fire blaze from the windows of the laundry, and she recollected that D'Alonville's apartment was very near it. In a moment her *sang froid* was converted into excessive terror; she flew down stairs, and finding nobody in the vestibule, she ran into the anti-room and attempted, but in vain, to open a door that led across the court. By this time Lord Aberdore, who had been some time awakened, met the affrighted lady, and to her eager enquiries

quiries if every body was safe, answered, that Lady Aberdore, the children, and the female servants were all safe, and assembled in a room on the other side of the house, very far from the place where the fire had broke out, which the men were in hopes of being soon able to extinguish, as they had engines and water. He invited her to join the party, and telling her what room Lady Aberdore was in, went himself to give farther orders for extinguishing the fire.

Miss Milfington, not daring to enquire of him, now hurried into the room he pointed out. She found Lady Aberdore, Lady Tryphena, and Lady Louisa, with their governesses, none of them much alarmed; the Lady indeed seemed to think that if the old house was burnt down, it would save her the misery of ever passing another month in it, and would rather be a good thing; Miss Bellandyne, the English governess, looked very grave; Madame talked and fluttered about the room, ran to the windows, and seemed to wish

with she could see what was going forward, even though it was mischief; the young ladies exclaimed, "Dear, how shocking! la! how frightful! I hope papa won't be hurt;" while another groupe was much more animated:—it was Paunceford, with a white nightcap, (fortunate contrast to his circular red face!) with a quivering chin and staring eyes, endeavouring to prevent Lord Aurevalle from going to the place where the fire was raging, while the spirited boy insisted on being allowed to go where every other person but the women of the house were assembled. "Keep my brothers with you, Sir, if you please," cried the lad, "but I tell you *I will go*—I am sure my father will not object to it."—"Let us all go," cried the youngest—"I know papa would not wish us to shrink from such a thing like so many milkops. If Mr. Paunceford's afraid, why he may stay with the women; but the Chevalier is there, I dare say, and *he* will take care of us."

"The Chevalier!" exclaimed Lord Aurevalle—"Good God! his room is just

just close by the fire—I never saw him,” added he, “among the people who were running about;—suppose nobody has called him—he will be burnt to death.”

“He will be burnt to death!” repeated Miss Milington, in a tremulous voice.

“He shall not,” cried Lord Aurevalle, eagerly—“Mr. Paunceford, I will not be detained.” He then broke from Paunceford, who in vain attempted to argue with him, and ran with his utmost speed towards that quarter of the house that was on fire. Paunceford, who felt not the least inclination to go himself, where the burning beams and melting lead might hazard his own person, for which he had the tenderest respect, contented himself with protesting against the rashness of Lord Aurevalle, and detaining by force the two other boys over whom, as they were younger, he could exert more decided authority.

Some of the female servants, whose curiosity had conquered their fear, so as to have induced them to go near the burning building,

building, now returned to say, with great appearance of terror and affright, that the fire gained ground, and in spite of all that could be done, had seized the east wing of the house itself. In the mean time Lord Aurevalle had run among the crowd who were attempting to extinguish it, and had enquired eagerly and called aloud for D'Alonville. D'Alonville was no where to be found ; nobody had seen him. The generous boy flew to his father—" My Lord," said he, with extreme vehemence, " have you seen D'Alonville ? He is not here—he is still in his room—the fire gains on that quarter of the house."

" Let somebody go up thither," said Lord Aberdore ; " it is fit he should be told of his danger, if it be possible that all this noise can have been made so near without rousing him." Nobody offered to stir. It was a service of some danger, for the beams and the rafters over the apartment of D'Alonville were already in flames. Lord Aurevalle saw them hesitate, and instantly understood the reason ; and though Escott, who stood looking on with perfect

perfect *sang froid*, opposed his going more resolutely than his father, he ran from them both, and crossing the court, made his way to the door of D'Alonville's room, Lord Aberdore himself, Escott, and two or three female servants following him.

At the door, entreating that it might be opened, knocking and calling with all their force, stood Miss Milfington and the French governess. One *implored* in English, the other insisted in French—both in vain—the door was locked, and no answer was returned. Lord Aberdore called aloud and thundered with a window bar:—still no answer. He then directed that the door should be forced open—Lord Aurevalle had not strength to achieve it, and Escott was too indolent to try; but the former ran away with amazing swiftness, and brought away the porter, and one of the grooms, who with one violent effort forced open the door. All the persons who were waiting at it burst into the room; but not only found no D'Alonville, but his bed, it was evident,

dent, had not been disturbed since it was last made. They looked at one another ! A thousand conjectures, very much to the disadvantage of the object of them, darted into the mind of Lord Aberdore ; as many melancholy presages into that of Miss Milfington ; the young man was amazed and confounded ; but none of them disclosed their thoughts, nor was there time for indulging conjectures, for it was more necessary to check the progress of the flames which already crackled round this corner. They descended therefore more hastily than they had mounted, but on the gentlemen's arrival at the place where the engines were playing, they saw, to their utter astonishment, D'Alonville in his shirt, mounted near one of them, directing the stream of water ; and in another instant he leaped from thence, and threw himself into a small reservoir or fountain in the court, whence the water came, and where there was some obstruction to its rising from the awkwardness of the men who managed the pumps. The authority of Lord Aberdore

dore was now almost insufficient to prevent his son from undertaking the same task; but before he could speak to his active tutor, D'Alonville was again amidst the fire, which now however began to be subdued. In a few minutes more, by unremitting exertion on all sides, it was almost entirely conquered, and by day-break there was no longer any flames; but the engines were still directed to play. D'Alonville now having a moment's respite, entreated Lord Aberdore and Aurevalle to retire, assuring them he would remain with the people till every appearance of danger from the fire's breaking out again was removed. The father being extremely apprehensive of his health, was glad to withdraw, and his positive command only compelled the spirited boy to follow him.

Poor Miss Milfington, who had been obliged to return to the parlour, where she had left the women of the family, could not avoid relating that D'Alonville was not in his room—was not to be found! And
Paunceford,

Paunceford, who was sure that such a circumstance would operate as the strongest proof that all he had related to Lord Aberdore was true, was in the midst of his triumph, and even hinting in no very doubtful terms that a foreign spy was very likely to be also an incendiary, when Lord Aberdore returned, and checked this charitable exultation, by coldly assuring Mr. Paunceford, that, though it was very true that D'Alonville was not in his room, it was as true, that nobody had at last been so active and successful in extinguishing the fire. He then ordered every body to retire to their respective rooms, and postponed till the following morning any enquiry, either as to the cause of the fire, or of D'Alonville's absence from his room during the night, which, though he did not think quite the same of it as the worthy divine, seemed to be a matter that on many accounts merited investigation.

C H A P. XII.

Some angry god pursues thee still,
Nor grants thee safety or repose.

SOPHOCLES.

THE fatigue and affright of the preceding evening seemed to have disabled the whole family from appearing at the usual hour, which was never a very early one. The breakfast table had not been visited at two o'clock, every body remaining in their own apartments, except Lord Aberdore, who had gone at the usual time into his study, where he had begun an enquiry into the cause of the accident that had happened; and by the interposition of the house-steward, had learned with some difficulty the truth—which was, that the laundry maids being extremely fatigued with an heavy day's work, preparatory to the departure of their lady, had been obliged to sit up to complete their business, till one of them,
quite

quite exhausted, had fallen asleep, and while the other went to carry some of the clothes to a remote part of the house, a dog, which had found its way into the laundry, had thrown a large horse covered with linen into the fire; and the linen, as well as the frame on which it hung, was in a blaze before the sleeping servant, half suffocated, awoke. Instead of taking any rational means to put it out, she ran away frantic with fear, and left all the doors open through which she fled; by which means the current of air encreased the violence of the fire, and the deal tables, baskets, and linen in the room were in a moment in flames.

The poor women avowed their error and were forgiven. The loss in linen was very considerable, but the injury to the house extended no farther than to the laundry, a room over it, and that corner of the principal building where D'Alonville's apartments were situated. Lord Aberdore having given proper directions to have the damage repaired as speedily

as possible, now sent a message to the Chevalier D'Alonville, requesting to speak to him. After the servant who went on this message had remained absent much longer than appeared necessary, he returned and informed his Lord, that after a long search, Monsieur D'Alonville was no where to be found. Lord Aberdore, though he was as far as ever from believing the charge laid by Paunceford, yet was convinced, from his being now missing, as well as from his extraordinary absence, and sudden appearance the preceding evening, that he had some connection in the neighbourhood, which, though he did not believe it would endanger the state, might he thought have ill effects on the morals of the young men with whose education he was partly entrusted; he determined therefore immediately to demand an explanation.—It was already at hand.

A servant breathless and staring ran into the room—"My Lord!—your Lordship is wanted—An accident has happened—The French gentleman—"

"What

“What of him?” cried Lord Aberdore.

“Oh! my Lord! We fear, my Lord, that he has killed Mr. Brymore!”

“Killed him! How? In what manner? Where?”—

“I don’t know indeed, my Lord—but my Lord Aurevalle this moment—”

“Where is Aurevalle?” exclaimed Lord Aberdore with great agitation and impatience—“What is all this?”

“My Lord Aurevalle, my Lord, came in this moment into the hall, and sent me to call your Lordship.—He said, my Lord, how Squire Brymore and Monfeer had fit, and that the Squire was badly wounded, and he was afeard kill’d outright—and how he laid out in the park, under them there walnut trees up at Glendow’s seat—and bid some of us run for a surgeon, while another comed to acquaint your Lordship of the news.”

“And where is Aurevalle? Give me my hat and shew me the place—But cannot you tell me where Aurevalle is?”

"Gone back, I believe my Lord, to the poor wounded gentleman. Bless his precious heart, he seemed so concerned that he ran away as 'twere like an arrow shot from a bow!"

"Is any body gone for a surgeon?" said Lord Aberdore, as he hastily went out.

"Yes, my Lord—Peter and Harry are both gone different ways; Monseer sent them himself."

A few minutes brought Lord Aberdore to the place.—He saw at a distance a group of persons, whom, on his approaching, he found surrounded Brymore, who lay on the ground, apparently dying in great pain.—To his surprize D'Alonville, with an handkerchief wrapped round his left hand, was the most busied about the wounded man, and appeared the most concerned, while Lord Aurevalle earnestly watching his countenance, was dispatching other messengers to the house.

Lord Aberdore addressed himself immediately to D'Alonville—"I am shocked and amazed, Sir," said he, "at this scene.

What

What does it mean? and why have you abused my confidence in destroying a person who was my guest, and ought to have been respected as such?"

At this moment Miss Milfington arrived, pale and breathless, but just in time to hear D'Alonville's answer.

"This circumstance, Sir," said he, "which I deplore, while I assure you, that were I to act again it would be in the same way, is occasioned by Mr. Brymore's having insulted my wife."

"Your wife!" cried Lord Aberdore.

"Wife!" repeated Miss Milfington, faintly.

"Yes, Sir, my wife. I do not, I cannot repent having chastised the man who insulted her."

"Chastised!" exclaimed Paunceford—"you mean assassinated. Poor gentleman!" added he, affecting great compassion—"unfortunate Mr. Brymore!"

D'Alonville cast a look of contempt at Paunceford. "An assassin, Sir," said he, "would attempt to escape; I await the
O 2 orders

orders of Lord Aberdore; and if I have offended the laws of this country, I am ready to surrender to its justice."

"I believe, Sir," said Lord Aberdore, "you must submit to be guarded by my servants till the event of this very disagreeable business is known, or till the circumstances of it are enquired into."

"I resign myself to your disposal, my Lord."

"Lead Monsieur D'Alonville to the house," said Lord Aberdore, "and do not lose sight of him."

"Entrust him to *me*, my Lord," cried Lord Aurevalle; "I know I may depend on his honour."

"Don't presume to interfere, Sir," replied his father angrily; "you have already offended me."

Two of the inferior servants now approached, and were leading D'Alonville away, when he turned to Lord Aberdore and said, "My Lord, before Mr. Brymore is moved, do me the justice to ask him if I have behaved dishonourably? I will

venture

venture to rest my defence on his testimony." He then walked away with the men into whose charge he was given; but he had not proceeded above ten yards, when a young person, flying as if in a fit of frenzy down the sloping ground above the place; threw herself into his arms, and, unable to speak or weep, would have sunk senseless to the ground, had he not supported her. Some of the people who had been about Brymore now gathered round her, while D'Alonville most earnestly implored their succour. Miss Milington, and one of the maid-servants, (for the whole household was by this time assembled in the park) now approached the apparently dying Angelina. Miss Milington, who did not want humanity, took out her salts, and would have applied them; but whether it was the sight of the blood that now streamed from his hand, or his agonized countenance as he gazed on that of his wife; or whether the tender appellations he gave her in attempting to recal her to life, (appellations

to which the French language lends peculiar softness,) affected the sensibility of Miss Milington, certain it is, that she could not fulfil her charitable purpose; but incoherently bidding the maid assist "the young person," she gave her the smelling-bottle, and hurried herself into the house. Angelina in a few moments opened her eyes—"Oh! D'Alonville," said she, in a tremulous voice, "you have destroyed me—how could you be so cruel?" He endeavoured to soothe and re-assure her. "I am not wounded," said he, "at least not materially."

"But that unhappy wretch, he is dead, is he not?"

"No, upon my honour he is not."

"Nor likely to die?"

"I cannot answer for that," said D'Alonville; "I hope he will not."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Angelina—how horrible to have occasioned the death of a human creature—and its dreadful consequences to you!"

"I fear no consequences," answered he, "for myself, because I have done nothing

thing dishonourable; but I fear for you, Angelina—I fear for your mother. How will you return home, my love? I am to be kept within the sight of these two servants, and therefore I cannot go with you.”

“You are to be sent to prison,” said she—“I know that is what they intend. Nothing shall prevent my accompanying you. Where is Lord Aberdore?” added she,—“they told me he was here. I will speak to him. I will insist on going with you: they may have a right to imprison you, but they can have none to tear me from you. I will speak to Lord Aberdore. Be so good, Sir,” addressing herself to one of the men, “to tell me where I can find him?” As the surgeon was not yet arrived, and Lord Aberdore saw no use in waiting where he was, he had by this time turned to go towards the house, when the voice of Angelina enquiring for him induced him to approach. Amidst the confusion she was in, she knew him, though it was two or three

years since she had seen him. Timid, and even reserved as she naturally was, she had now no recollection of forms. "My Lord," said she, "whither has your Lordship directed these your servants to conduct my husband? May not I accompany him? Is he to be sent to a prison, my Lord, for having resented insults offered to me? and may I not share it with him?"

Lord Aberdore, amazed at her manner, and trying to recollect himself, hesitated—"I think, Madam," said he—"yet I must be mistaken—I think—surely I have seen you before?"

"My name was Denzil," replied she. "I was once, at least my family were, once well known to your Lordship. But I mean not to ask any favour on that account; I make no claim to your indulgence farther than to be permitted to attend my husband whithersoever you may intend to send him."

"And is this gentleman your husband, Madam?" said he. "Pray where is Mrs. Denzil, your mother?"

"At

"At a cottage, Sir, in the village of Aberlynth, half-distracted at what has happened, and prevented only by indisposition from coming hither herself."

"This is all very extraordinary. I understand nothing of these romantic flights. I am very sorry indeed, Madam, very sorry; but I know not what I can do to alleviate the inconveniencies this young man's rashness, and, I must add, your own indiscretion, has brought you into. If you chuse to accompany Monsieur D'Alonville to my house—yet you must excuse me if I say, that you would do better to return to your mother. In regard to Monsieur D'Alonville, his situation must depend on the events. I fear they cannot but be unfavourable—to a person circumstanced as he is, particularly unfavourable. He will probably be soon removed, for of Mr. Brymore's life there appears to me to be very little hope; and then you will of course act as *discretion* shall dictate in regard to following him." Lord

Aberdore then slightly touched his hat and passed on.

Angelina, though careless of his disapprobation, was shocked at the opinion he had given as to the danger of Brymore, and the fatal consequences to D'Alonville;—she was terrified too at the countenances of the people around, which seemed to menace him, as if his being a foreigner had rendered culpable in him what would have been glorious in a man of their own country—"What will become of us" said she, in French—"what will our fate do with us?"

"Be not so apprehensive," my Angelina," replied he—"am I not in England?—Is not my life guarded by its laws, if I only acted, as it will be found I have, in my own defence? *My* only apprehensions are for you. For heaven's sake consider the anguish of mind in which you have left your mother!—consider yourself; or, if you will not, consider what *I* suffer in seeing you thus distressed,
and

and exposed to the gaze of all these people. Let me prevail upon you to return to your mother. Some person will accompany you, I hope. You are unable, I fear, to walk without assistance."

"I will return with Madame D'Aronville," said Lord Aurevalle, "if she will allow me."

"Indeed *you will not*, my Lord," cried Paunceford. "You return with this person, my Lord! I hope you don't think of such a thing."

"Indeed I do, Mr. Paunceford; and I will certainly do as I please."

"Not while you are under my care, Sir; and I suppose Monseer does not now assume any right to dictate here, not while you are under my care, and your father Lord Aberdore at hand?"

"We shall see that," interrupted Aurevalle. "Come, Madam, let me assist you. My dear Chevalier be not so uneasy; all may terminate better than you expect;—you shall not suffer injustice. Come, Madam." Angelina appeared

ready to faint, yet endeavoured to obey D'Alonville's wishes in returning to Aberlynth.

Paunceford, irritated beyond all bounds, now ventured to take the arm of Lord Aurevalle. "I insist upon it, my Lord, that you do not degrade yourself in this manner: though it is true we now know what Monseer here is, how do we know this young woman, and among what sort of people such a one may lead you? We know nothing *favourable*, I am sure, of this gentlewoman."

"Don't I know, Sir," replied the young man, "that she is a relation of my mother's—of my *own* mother's; and shall *you*, Sir, dare to prevent my shewing her civility, common civility, when she is distressed? No, Sir, no pedant on earth shall restrain me."

"My dear Lord" said D'Alonville, "I beg that your generosity to my Angelina and me, may not be the means of giving offence to your father. As to this person, I owe him no deference; but your kindness

in

in the present instance only adds to my distress. Angelina, recover your presence of mind, my love;—recollect, that if the wretched man's wound is not dangerous, I shall be immediately released; if it is, I shall be sent to the next prison, for I do not expect, nor do I mean, to ask any favour. In the first case, I shall be with you immediately; in the second, you can be near me in a few hours; *why*, therefore, give way to these agonies? Lord Aurevalle, will you have so much consideration for me, as not to risk any displeasure on the part of your father by going yourself to Aberlynth; but will you speak for me to one of the female servants, and engage her to accompany my wife till she is safe in the presence of her mother?"

Curiosity, and other motives, as well as the intercession of their young master, immediately engaged two of the women of the house. Angelina trembled, and reluctantly was led away.

D'Alonville, guarded by two men, proceeded towards the house, Lord Aurevalle

valle walking with him, to the great displeasure of Paunceford, who hearing Angelina acknowledged as a relation of the late Lady Aberdore's, began to fancy, that unless Brymore died, (which he most heartily hoped he might) all his hopes of seeing D'Alonville dismissed in disgrace, would end in his being established in the family more firmly than himself.

He had not penetration enough to have discovered in the time he had lived among the great, that nothing was less likely to recommend any one to *their* favour, than the circumstance of being an indigent relation;—and if D'Alonville's other offences were cleared up, this alone would be sufficient to induce Lord Aberdore to dissolve the connection as soon as possible.

The surgeons from two small neighbouring towns now arrived nearly at the same time. They were not likely to agree in the case of Brymore, when they had never yet agreed in their lives. They both however seemed to believe him in great danger. He was removed into the
house,

house, and a messenger dispatched for a more eminent surgeon; for Brymore, who had now recovered his senses, would not submit to have the ball extracted, which was lodged in his side, till the third operator arrived; and the fate of D'Alonville still was suspense.

At length the surgeon from a town ten miles distant appeared. The ball was extracted with less difficulty than had been apprehended. There was every reason to believe Brymore would do well; and Lord Aberdore, to avoid the perplexity that might attend detaining D'Alonville, rather than from tenderness to his situation, gave him leave to go to Aberlynth, on receiving his parole, that he would appear if the event should be such as was at first apprehended.

The sufferings of Mrs. Denzil during this day had been terrible. She appeared to be sinking under them, when D'Alonville arrived to re-assure and comfort her: but Angelina, while she concealed her own apprehension, hung over her mother with

with a look of such tender solicitude, and spoke to her with so much sweetness, that D'Alonville thought he had never yet seen her so lovely:—even the lively affection she had shewn for him a few hours before, did not render her more dear to him than the filial duty and gratitude which now, mingled with fear, beamed from her expressive eyes.

“How hard,” cried Mrs. Denzil—“how singularly cruel is the destiny that pursues me! Even in this remote corner of the world, where peace at least seemed to await me, am I again exposed to insult, and to the terror which resentment of that insult inflicts. Ah, D'Alonville! I cannot blame, however I may lament the vengeance you have taken. But if the wretched man dies, I own it will be a shock I shall not easily recover; and it will be a great and heavy addition to the sorrows I already sustain with difficulty:—like all those sorrows, I shall owe it to the cruelty, to the injustice of the men who have plunged us into poverty;—for
had

had we not been poor, and apparently unprotected, would such a man as Mr. Brymore have dared to have intruded himself into my house, and have affronted my ears with his infamous proposals? Ah! no;—it is our supposed indigence that has made us liable to these indignities; and that has perhaps involved you, my dear friend, in their fatal consequences. This is an evil that will pursue us where-soever we go—but perhaps it is an evil more supportable any where than in our native land. D'Alonville, I find it impossible to stay in any part of England. I will instantly quit it. If my life is to be rendered tolerable for the little time I yet live, it must be in a country where the memory of so many years of misery is not continually renewed.”

“Let us go, then,” said D'Alonville.—“Wherever Angelina is—where you are, is *now* my country; (alas! what other have I?) but I must be released from my parole before I can leave this place.”

“Undoubtedly,” answered Mrs. Denizil. “However eagerly I wish to go,
your

your honour is dearer to me than every other consideration. And believe me, my dear friends,——”

She was going on, when a servant girl, who was hired occasionally from the village, came, breathless and staring, into the room, and exclaimed, “Oh! Lord, Ma’am! Oh! Lord, Sir! here—here is ——”

“Here is what?” cried D’Alonville, impatiently.

“Brymore is dead,” said Mrs. Denzil, in a low and faint voice, “and somebody is come to tell us of it.”

A death-like paleness overspread the countenance of Angelina, as she stood behind her mother’s chair waiting for the entrance of this messenger of ill news; when the girl, who had before alarmed them, and who had gone down a few steps of the stairs, returned and said, in a still more hurried way, “’tis my Lord—my Lord, his own—own self. Oh! gracious me!” She then shuffled away; and the door remaining open, a gentleman entered, in whom Mrs. Denzil immediately recognized Lord Aberdore.

Still

Still impressed with the idea that Brymore was dead, (and not considering how improbable it was that the noble Lord should himself take the pains to announce it) the countenance of Mrs. Denzil had on it an expression which Lord Aberdore imputed to veneration, awe, and apprehension. He loved, like many other great men, to excite these sensations; and with more than ordinary dignity and stateliness he marched up to Mrs. Denzil, bowed to her, and desired to have a few moments conversation with her.

"Whatever your Lordship has to say," replied Mrs. Denzil, collecting all the courage she could, "I am prepared to hear; and my daughter and the Chevalier D'Alonville are, I hope, equally so.—Mr. Brymore I suppose is dead?"

"No, Madam, he is not. They even tell me there is less danger than was at first apprehended. But with you, Madam, it is necessary that I speak apart." Angelina and D'Alonville, both relieved by this intelligence, willingly withdrew;

drew ; and after some hesitation, Lord Aberdore began a very long speech, in which he enumerated what he thought the errors of Mrs. Denzil's conduct ; but dwelt with particular energy on the wrong step she had suffered Angelina to take in marrying an emigrant. "I assure you, Madam," said he, "I cannot but lament, that so fine a young woman, so well connected, who might have done so much better——"

"Give me leave, my Lord, to spare you the trouble of any father remonstrance, by bringing to your recollection the circumstances of my family. As to their respectable connections, on which you now do me the honour to dwell, I beseech you to remember, how little people of a certain rank care for even their nearest relations: (I speak in general terms, for there may be, there are, exceptions;) and I had surely no right to suppose that the distant relationship of my children should give them any future claim to the kindness of persons, who, at present, never enquired

enquired whether they existed. Except an house, which your Lordship lent me for a few months, what favour have I to acknowledge? As to fortune, my Lord, you know that my children have been robbed of so much of theirs, that what little I had of my own, and which will be divided among them at my death, seems to be all that they can depend upon; while Mr. Ramsay, and Mr. Shrimpshire, by detaining the affairs for so many years in their hands, have compelled me to have recourse to expedients for the support of these children, that have impressed every body with an idea that they are destitute of any fortune whatever: and who, my Lord, will marry young women, whatever may be their merit or their beauty, who are without fortune? while, on the other hand, if they remain single, how are they to be supported when, worn out with many years of trouble, (and the period, my Lord, is not very remote) I shall leave them?

" My

" My sons are men; and wheresoever fortune

" May place them, cannot want the means of life*."

But, my daughters!—alas, my Lord! I have found even that degree of dependance to which *I* have been obliged to submit, extremely difficult to bear. The compliments that have been made to the few talents I possess, have seldom paid me for the evident superiority assumed by persons once my equals, from the consciousness they seemed to have of the *necessity* I was under to exert those talents. And can I bear, my Lord, who know what it is to suffer from the humiliating compassion of a world, which too often mingles scorn with pity—can I bear to think that my daughters shall be exposed to become dependents, humble cousins! if any of their relations would receive them? I have seen, I have felt how few persons there are, who know how to confer an obligation. I have been compelled to *know*, how *many insults* while they oblige. In short,

* Sophocles,

my

my Lord, these and other considerations induced me to give my daughter Angelina to the man she loved, who is a foreigner, it is true, but certainly a gentleman; and who, whatever may be the unhappy circumstances of the generality of his countrymen, is not so absolutely destitute as you seem to suppose. He is a man of honour, a man of sense; and, as your Lordship may be convinced, by the charge he has undertaken in your family, has proper pride enough to counteract every degree of false pride, and to endeavour to use those accomplishments acquired in happier times, to maintain his wife, and his independence."

She then proceeded to relate the circumstances that had enabled D'Alonville to preserve a small income from the wreck of the considerable property of his family; and as she proceeded, she observed the features of Lord Aberdore gradually relax. He found that Mrs. Denzil had been so far from settling near Rock-March, with a view to obtain any advantages

tages from that neighbourhood, that she had intended studiously to conceal her abode from him. He found that D'Alonville was not the humble dependent, whom he had kept at a distance, least, if he admitted him to any degree of confidence or familiarity, he should find it more difficult to shake him off, but possessed a certain, though small property; and that none of the family, whose settlement at Aberlynth had so much disturbed him as to induce him to such a condescension as that of visiting himself the cottage they inhabited, were likely to give him any trouble, or put him to any expence. Still, however, there were reasons why he wished them any where else; and therefore he heard with great satisfaction, from Mrs. Denzil, that she had only taken the cottage conditionally, and that in consequence of what had happened, and of other considerations which she did not think it necessary to explain, she had determined, to quit not only Wales, but Great Britain, for some part of the continent.

ment of Europe, where her family might yet remain unmolested; and that as soon as Mr. Brymore was out of danger, so that D'Alonville could depart, they should return to London, and in a very few days quit England.

Lord Aberdore seemed so well pleased with this intelligence, that he seemed half tempted to accelerate the execution of a plan which appeared so desirable, as that of having the sea between him and a family whom he could not consider otherwise than as indigent relations—a sort of persons who *may* be troublesome, and can never be creditable; but as he could not, when it came to the point, determine to part with money, he checked this impulse.

The recovery of Brymore now became an object to him, and as it was impossible to prevail on Lady Aberdore to put off her departure another day, he left strict orders with the housekeeper, and persons about the wounded man, to take every possible care of him. He had not time

to make any new regulations as to the young men, who, by D'Alonville's secession, would be left without a French tutor; but Lady Aberdore, apprehensive lest this vacancy should occasion a total change in the plan she had so long laboured to confirm, represented to him that it would be easy to find in London some foreigner, equally qualified, who would be rejoiced to find such an establishment, and who might not have the same troublesome and alarming entanglements as D'Alonville. She then turned to Miss Millington, and said, "But perhaps our friend Jamima here has another Count, or Marquis, or Chevalier, *in petto*, whom she can recommend to replace this *married man*—who fights duels and kills the visitors, instead of tutoring the children."—Miss Millington had no spirits to reply; she dared not enquire of her heart what it had expected, or why it should feel so strangely depressed, since the discovery of D'Alonville's marriage. He could never have been more to her than an acquaintance; yet the certainty

tainty of his being the husband of another, was so uneasy, that ashamed of feeling so much pain, and not daring to acknowledge it, she endeavoured, if she could not conquer, to disguise it, by busying herself in preparations for their departure; and irritating by her own impatience, that which Lady Aberdore felt, to be gone. As to Escott, he had already taken leave. Though he lived in what are called habits of the closest *friendship* (Oh! abuse of terms) with Brymore, he could not prevail upon himself to endure for one day the complaint of a sick man, or the confinement of a sick room. He could do no good, he said. If Brymore lived, he would soon be well enough to come by slow journies to London; and if his friend died, why should he be bored with the horrors of a funeral, to make himself low-spirited for a month? besides, he was absolutely engaged in London, and ought to have been there a week before, had he not staid to oblige his sister. He took a gay leave of his wounded friend, and laughing, bade him look more care-

fully about him another time, and before he attacked another pretty wench, be sure she had no drawcansir of a husband laying perdue to shoot him through the head. "But come," added he, "cheer up thy spirits, Jemmy—I warrant you'll do well enough, and all this will tell well among the women in London.—Faith twill make a pretty romantic story, and I'll set it off for thee, my good fellow, to the best advantage." Brymore, who suffered great pain, and believed that the danger was not less than the anguish, answered only by a deep groan, followed by a volley of curses, levelled first against the French nation, then against D'Alonville as an individual of it, and lastly against himself for not taking a better aim. "I refused," said he, "fighting with swords, for I know those damned fellows have with them the advantage, and are half of them qualified for fencing masters; but when I could not get rid of the French son of a w—— without fighting, and got a brace of pistols, I thought I was sure of bringing him

him down, and be cursed to him." Escott, rather from curiosity than from any interest he took in the matter, had before learned the particulars of the quarrel.

The evening preceding the fire D'Alonville, finding himself watched by Paunceford, had determined not to leave the house till the whole family were retired. A little after one o'clock he had locked his door, and taking the key in his pocket, had softly found his way out of the house and across the park: when he arrived at the cottage, he found Mrs. Denzil impatiently waiting to relate to him the extraordinary circumstance of a visit from a person residing at Rock-March; who, under pretence of having lost his way, had followed Angelina home, and behaved with great impertinence on Mrs. Denzil's resenting his rude intrusion, and insisting on his quitting her house: nor could she escape from his insults till she had sent for some of the neighbouring peasants, before whose arrival he departed, assuring her, that he was too much struck with the

beauty of her daughter to give up the acquaintance he had made, and that he should be with her the next morning to renew offers which he was assured she was not in a situation to refuse, and which on cooler reflection she would think herself too happy to accept.

It was then that Mrs. Denzil once more felt all the bitterness of poverty, and that her indignation so far got the better of her prudence, as to induce her to sit up for D'Alonville; and notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of Angelina, who trembled for his safety, to relate to him the affront they had received. Angelina endeavoured in vain to soften the resentment that fired the breast of D'Alonville on this recital; and Mrs. Denzil, when she saw how much he was affected, repented that she had been so rashly communicative, and had listened rather to anger than discretion; and while both she and her daughter were endeavouring to appease him, they saw the flames that had by this time arisen at Rock-March. D'Alonville hastened to assist in extinguish-
ing

ing the fire; he returned fatigued, covered with smoke, and his clothes in many places burnt and singed, to await at Aberlynth the threatened visit of Mr. Brymore, who made it, as he had declared he would, before eleven o'clock.

His reception was by no means pleasant. D'Alonville, fiery and vindictive, could not be prevented from insisting on satisfaction; and Brymore, who held him in contempt, as a boy, an inferior, and a stranger, was under the disagreeable necessity of choosing either to beg his pardon, and that of the ladies he had offended, or to fight; an operation to which he was very little disposed, but was however at length compelled to undertake, as more honourable, and not much less hazardous, than receiving a sound beating which D'Alonville was disposed to give him. They went together into a retired part of the park with a pair of pistols belonging to D'Alonville, of which Brymore had his choice.—The event has been already related.

C H A P. XIII.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis

Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,

Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque

Jupiter urget.

Pone, sub curru nimium propinqui

Solis in terra domibus negata;

Dulce ridentem lalagen amabo,

Dulce loquentem.

THE subsequent events will be explained in the following letters.

To the Chevalier D'Alonville at Verona.

"Hollis Street, Cavendish Square, May 32, 1793."

"Your letter, my dear friend, informing you were got so far and so well on your journey, gave to me and Alexina infinite pleasure. This will, I trust, find you at Verona, as you then expected, and will meet you disengaged from every trouble, and free from every apprehension of the accidents that might render so long a journey hazardous or painful to the beloved Angelina and her mother. I need hardly say, after what passed between us

on that subject in our frequent conferences in England, that I am entirely of their opinion in regard to your resisting the frequent impulses you feel to return to the emigrant army. Till your king or his representative call upon you—till you are convinced your arm is demanded for the restoration of law and order, or of some form of legal government in your country, I think as your Angelina does, that you should not leave her. The hour when you will be thus called upon does not seem to be at hand; and indeed, my dear Chevalier, the turn that affairs seem to take in France, makes it impossible to conjecture whether such a period will ever arrive. I hardly dare trust myself to write to you on this subject. We differ still as to the commencement of a revolution, which in its progress has baffled all the reasoning which we could derive from analogy, in reflecting on the past events of the world—all the speculative opinions we could from thence build on the future. You think, that even in its first germination

blooms

tions it threatened to become the monster we now see, desolating and devouring France. I still think, that originating from the acknowledged faults of your former government, the first design, aiming only at the correction of those faults, at a limited monarchy and a mixed government, was the most sublime and most worthy of a great people that ever was recorded in the annals of mankind. But wide as our sentiments are as to their origin, I believe we perfectly agree in our opinions of the position of affairs at this moment. You, as a Frenchman, execrate the misery and devastation it has brought on the finest kingdom of Europe. You lament as an individual the death of your dearest friends, the dispersion of your family, the ruin and beggary of many to whom you were attached.—I, as an Englishman, deplore the injury done to the cause of rational liberty throughout the world. I deplore, as a citizen of that world, the general devastation, the blood that has been shed in the field or on the scaffold,

scaffold, and the stupendous destruction that has overwhelmed a great nation.—While I can yet contemplate the minutiae to feel the distresses of many amiable individuals—from these may you, my dear friend, have now escaped; with the consoling reflection, that the heavy share you have had in them, you have so well and honourably sustained.

“You will be glad to know, perhaps, that the wretched Brymore is recovered enough to go out.—I saw him in his vis-a-vis in Hyde Park yesterday. I wish I could tell you that he was treated with the contempt he deserves; but the women, who give in *ton*, receive him with more kindness than ever; and the men who are of his set, seem to derive additional honour from their acquaintance with him. He is very pale and very pathetic. Lady Aberdore is said not yet to have received him into quite the same degree of favour he possessed before, but that is believed to be less in resentment of his principles, than of his *daring*, while he saw her transcendent beauty.

beauty every day, to discover that there were charms in an unknown rural beauty. Miss Milfington is more resplendent and more gay than usual; and when she sees me, affects a great flow of spirits, to convince me, I suppose, that she is not likely to die for love. I seem to be talking longer of these frivolous people than they merit. To escape I believe from a subject, on which I must say, what I know your friendship for me will make it uneasy to you to hear. My poor mother, notwithstanding all I have done in the hope of conciliating her favour, still remains so displeased at my having given her name to "a foreign woman," that she sees me only to reproach me, and cannot yet be prevailed upon to receive Alexina; which I should lament the more, if I had any hope that the mingled dignity and sweetness of my wife, her strong understanding, or her gentle heart, could conquer the inveterate prejudice of the dowager Lady Ellesmere; but, unless I *had* that hope, I will not expose Alexina to the repulse and disdain even of my mother.

Mrs.

Mrs. Melton and Mrs. Darnly have paid her formal visits since she has been in town, which she has returned in the same manner they were made, by leaving her name at their doors. I have so great a dislike to both my brothers-in-law; the manners of Melton, and the ostentation of Darnly, are so disgusting to me, that I see very little of either Mary or Theodora; and it is wonderful how, in common minds like theirs, distance and other connections eradicate the affections, that, having grown up with us, towards the children of the same parents, one would believe much more deeply fixed than to depend on local circumstances.—Elizabeth is gone with her husband into Yorkshire; and my mother's present companions at Eddisbury are two misses from the neighbouring town—women without education, or knowledge of the world, who encourage her unfortunate prepossessions, and lament with her the apostate taste of her son.

“Lady Sophia and her daughter are in Scotland visiting an uncle; but she has declared

clared against introducing to *her* circles, as *her* connection, a foreigner of whom she knows nothing. I shall not I believe put her complaisance to so severe a proof, for it is at present my intention to quit England; and, as soon as you have found a residence to suit you, I shall take up my abode in your neighbourhood.

“ Let me therefore hear of you, my dear D’Alonville, as soon as possible, and tell me where you and your household determine to fix. My accounts from Carlewitz are satisfactory: he entertains hopes of the affairs of his country, which I greatly fear will be found too sanguine; but the favourable view he gives Alexina of the projects in agitation, amuses and animates her mind, and of course contributes to my happiness, of which, notwithstanding the perverse circumstance I have related, I really think I enjoy a greater portion than falls to the usual lot of man. The narrowness of my fortune, in proportion to my situation in life, which would with any other woman be a source of discontent,

tent, only serves to endear me to the heart of Alexina, because she believes that to my affection for her, I sacrificed superior fortune. She has no taste for those expences which to one of my fair compatriots of my own rank would have appeared absolutely necessary; nor has she any other ambition than to constitute the happiness of the man she loves.

“ When I compare therefore my lot with that of half my married acquaintance, I find that I ought to be happy. Ah, D’Alonville, with such a wife, how lightly the little disappointments and vexations of life may be passed over! As to our pecuniary circumstances, I now think it a weakness that I ever suffered reflections on them to depress me: we are above indigence; we are independent, though not rich; and well as I love England, I can be content to quit it, if the luxuries, that are here accounted among the necessities of a man of family, cannot be enjoyed but at the expence of that independence.

“ Farewell, my dear friend. With a thousand

and kind remembrances from Alexina,
I am most faithfully yours,

EDWARD ELLESMERE."

To this letter, a shorter space of time
than he expected brought Sir Edward
the following answer:

" St. Isidore, near Roveredo, July 16, 1793.

" At length, my dear English friends, I
write to you from our small but pleasant
home—I write from amidst the whole cir-
cle of your wandering acquaintance, ex-
cept De Touranges, who is gone to rejoin
the army in Flanders, and whose absence
alone, by rendering his mother and his
wife unhappy, detracts from the pleasure
of our little society.

" My last letters gave you the outline
of our journey, within four days of our
reaching Verona. Among many agree-
able circumstances that occurred on our
arrival there, the most so to me was, that
of our very unexpectedly finding, at a tem-
porary residence, my dear and respectable
friends, Madame de Rosenheim, and Ma-
dame D'Alberg. I was gratified more
than

than I have words to express, by observing that they saw me with pleasure, and were charmed with Angelina and her mother. Count D'Alberg, who is retired in disgust from his command, appears to have forgotten the prejudice he formerly had taken up against me: he was even so polite as to apologize for it, and joined with the ladies of his family in the execrations they liberally made against Heurthofen, who will probably suffer in his turn for his apostacy and hypocrisy, and meet even from his colleagues in iniquity the reward of his crimes.

The Baron de Rosenheim has been dead some time, but before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing the law-suit decided, which secures his paternal estate to the heirs of his daughter; a satisfaction which that amiable woman, weeping as she spoke of it, declared he owed to me; for had the deeds I was fortunate enough to recover been lost, Madame d'Alberg's claims to those estates could never have been established.

“ The

"The pecuniary circumstances of the family are brilliant, but the count appears dejected and out of his element; and is too acutely sensible, I believe, of the mortifications which compelled him to resign. Madame D'Alberg, however, owned to me, that she is quite as well pleased with being at Verona as at Vienna, and much more anxious for the *safety* than the glory of her husband. We hope to live much with them when winter obliges us to return to Verona; but at this moment we are too much delighted with the beauty and novelty of the objects around us, to think even of Verona with any wish to be there.

"Where shall I find terms to describe the charms of the country that we passed through in coming to this place? Our road (of which I forbear to give you a detail of posts) was for some miles elevated, above the narrow but richly cultivated valley through which the river Adice takes its serpentine course. On an eminence hanging over its current is the fort called

called La Chiufa, which we passed through, and immediately entered the Tirole.

The mountains which bound the lovely vallies we passed, are so majestic, so sublime, that the pencil might give some idea of them, but the pen dares not undertake it. On the summits of many, on level platforms; among the cliffs of others, are convents, churches, hermitages, or houses of the inhabitants of singular forms; and these look down upon a variety of scarred rocks, starting in some places from amidst copses of the brightest verdure, in others extending their broken and rugged masses, tinted only with the plants that love a shallow soil. I was going to name them as Mrs. Denzil dictated, but she says no native of my country, educated as I have been, has the least taste for the unadorned beauty of nature: that she knows it will only puzzle me, perhaps punish me, and that therefore she will go on with the description herself.

"Yes, dear Sir, I take the pen from the Chevalier, that he may not undertake

to

to tell you in French the names of plants which I cannot in that language find for him. Figure to yourself these undescribable mountains, so various in their forms, and so magnificent in their effect; *robed*; if I may use a woman's word, in many places with that assemblage of vegetable beauty, which in England is collected in the most ornamented gardens with difficulty. Imagine that the rough features of these rocky acclivities are softened by the hand of Flora, who has often dressed them with the cistus, the variety of antirrhinums, cedums, and saxapagar; while the deep glen-like recesses, formed by these bold promontories, are shaded with every tree of the forest, festooned with honeysuckles, sweet and various as those of our gardens; and lower, towards the foot of the mountains, are natural shrubberies. There the acacia hangs its pearly tassels amidst its light and vivid leaves, and the robinia* more humbly puts forth its purplish-pink blossoms, among viburnums, dogwood,

* Robinia—bastard acacia.

sumach,

shumach, and many other shrubs; while, of hardly less humble growth, the caronilla, with its golden circlets, the Mediterranean heaths*, myricas, and fenna, are contrasted with the juniper, the laurustinus, and the bay: these, indeed, are the most minute beauties, and calculated rather to attract the botanist, than the landscape painter; but they surely lend graces to the great features of nature, without detracting from their sublimity. D'Alonville should now take the pen again; but he is idle, and sends me for a close of our joint landscape-painting, to an author whose mountain scenery, it is true, we cannot with our united endeavours equal. He bids me then quote †—thus: “Ajouter à tout cela les illusions de l'optique les pointes des monts différemment éclairés, le clair obscur du soleil et des ombres, et tous les accidens de lumière qui en résultoient le matin et le

* Erica Mediterranea.

† Rousseau — The translation being in every body's hands who does not read French, seems unnecessary here.

soir ;

soir; vous aurez quelque idée des scènes continuelles qui ne cessent d'attirer mon admiration, et qui sembloient m'être offerts en un vrai théâtre: car la perspective des monts étant verticale, frappe les yeux tout à la fois, et bien plus puissamment que celle des plaines qui ne se voit qu'obliquement en fuyant et dont chaque objet vous en cache un autre." I cannot describe the house we inhabit; for if it deserved to be described, which it does not, what are the most magnificent and laboured works of art, when we are contemplating the compositions of Nature, "with all her great works about her?" How poor are the utmost efforts of man, (though they survive for centuries his fragile and wretched existence) when we compare them with the glorious objects which we every day see? I have lately passed so near the seat of war, my dear Sir, that I could indulge my spleen, in describing the talents of mankind to *waste and to destroy*; but that it is ungrateful to pollute the lovely scenes before me with such images
of

of horror: and I recal my pen from a digression which you will think very little to the purpose, to tell you that we inhabit a house that once contained a small religious society now dissolved. Like the "peasant's nest" of Cowper,

" 'Tis perch'd upon the green hill top;"

for it stands on one of those shrubby knolls I have been trying to describe; but above us, greatly above us, on a projection of rock, is an eyrie of a Tyrolese peasant, with its broad projecting roof, and other singularities, such as mark the cottages in this country: and yet this elevated little mansion is not half way up the stupendous mountain to which it clings.

"Would I could convey to you an adequate idea of the scene I behold from my windows! I was unwilling to believe that there were many prospects finer than I saw from my temporary abode at Aberllynth; but here I am convinced that it is comparatively tame and poor. I am afflicted of another error—which was the
per-

persuasion that there is no verdure after the earliest months of spring, *but* in England.

"It is here, my friend, that I hope to forget, at least to cease feeling so acutely, the calamities which made, for many years, my country insupportable, and that have at length driven me from it.—It is here I hope still to enjoy at least that species of happiness which arises from seeing those we love happy.

"I shall not here, I trust, be too near any great or rich cousin. I shall not be a continual reproach to the persons who have impoverished me; and who have verified the observation of a man* who, knowing much of the wrong side of human nature, says, that

"Nothing is so apt to break the bravest spirit, as a continual chain of oppression.—One injury is best defended by a second, and a second by a third."

"Oh, for a cup of oblivion!—but unless it were *partial*, and that I could remember what I wish not to forget—

friends,

friends, who, though lost to me, are honourable to human nature, I will be content not to desire it; but to recollect that I should never have known *them*, if I had not been the victim of others, and if I had not borne with some fortitude the evils those others inflicted. Farewell, dear Sir Edward!"

"Mrs. Denzil makes me resume the pen, my dear friend. Let me then, (while I lament that any prejudice on the part of Lady Ellesmere should make England uneasy to you), let me express my hope, that you will remain firm in your purpose of joining us here. The pleasure of select and friendly society will then be most complete; or it will at least have no other drawback than the dejection of Madame de Touranges, and Gabrielle, who cannot taste even conditional happiness, while the son, the husband they love, is exposed to such dangers as now inevitably surround him: nor does the inquietude of her friend fail to affect Angelina, who not only ge-

VOL. IV. Q nerously

nerously sympathises with *her*, but looks forward (with that fatal prevoyance which seems to be given us only to embitter our short moments of felicity) to the hour, not very distant perhaps, when her D'Alonville must tear himself from her. The Abbé de St. Remi, however, (who has been received in a convent about three miles from hence,) is the consolation of all, as well as the confessor of the catholic part of our little community. The purity of his heart, and the strength of his mind; his chearful piety and dignified resignation, renders his conversation beneficial to every one of us;—while, for myself, I am conscious that, possessed of present competence and tranquillity, living with friends I esteem, with a wife I absolutely idolize, and amid scenes which are as beautiful as nature any where offers to the contemplation of man, I should be ungrateful to Heaven were I not to enjoy the passing good. With Angelina I should find charms in a desert. Here she appears like the goddess-nymph of this delicious

delicious country. Frequently as I look at her, I enquire, whether it is possible I can deserve her? and tremble lest the portion of happiness I enjoy, mixed and dashed as it is, (while so many of my countrymen are every way wretched), should not be more than should fall to my lot. But these reflections weaken rather than fortify the mind. Oh! hasten hither with your Alexina!—and while your friendship adds to my felicity, let your example sustain my philosophy; for what I now possess, is less the effect of reflection and reason, than of the harsh lessons I have received in the school of adversity. I fear that from disposition and education, I am as volatile, as inconsiderate, as impetuous, as the generality of young men of my rank and country, who, born in the lap of prosperity, were educated only to appear in those scenes of life, where solidity of character would have impeded rather than have assisted their progress towards those objects to which the ambition of the French nobility was directed.

“ But

“But adversity, which has made me an exile, banished me from my country, robbed me of my friends and my fortune, and thrown me in some measure destitute on the world, has taught me, I trust, many useful lessons, and has in one or two instances converted its curses into blessings; for it has given me fortitude and resolution; instructed me to conquer prejudice, and to feel for the sufferings of others. In losing every thing but my honour and my integrity, I have learned, that he who retains those qualities can never be degraded, however humble may be his fortune. If my calamities have deprived me of my natural friends, they have been the means of creating for me others, who in the unruffled bosom of prosperity I should never have found. To adversity I owe your invaluable attachment, my beloved Ellesmere—to adversity I am indebted for the dearest of all earthly blessings—the tender affection of my adored Angelina.”



